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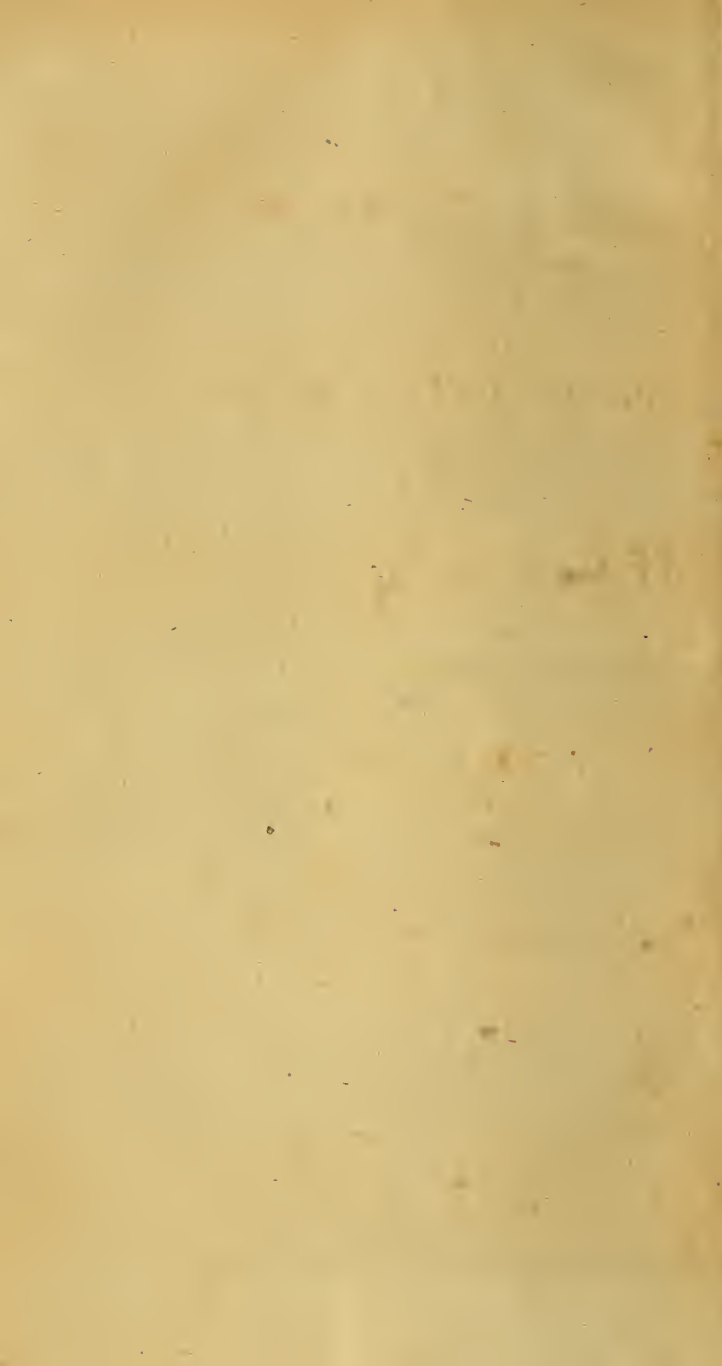
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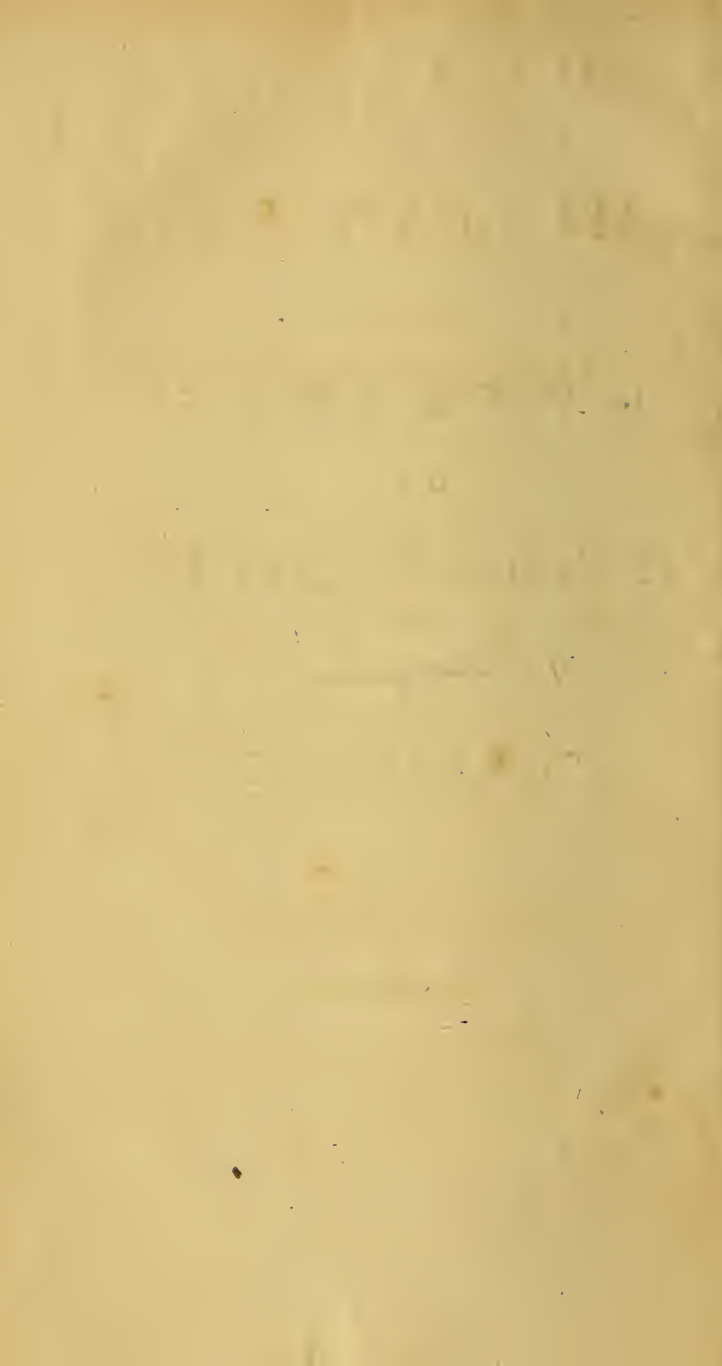
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O U T L I N E S
O F
H U M A N L I F E.

[Price Five Shillings.]



OUTLINES
OF
HUMAN LIFE

SKETCHED BY

Hercules Cramond, M. D.

In the Thirtieth Year of his Age—

AND EXEMPLIFIED BY

Some genuine and well-attested

M E M O I R S

OF

The Author and his Family.

At Thirty Man suspects himself a Fool—

YOUNG.

— Casusque meorum
Erroresque meos: nam me trigesima, portat
Multis errantem terris et fluctibus, æstas.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By J. BARKER, *Russell-Court, Drury-Lane.*

M DCC LXXXV.

ADAMS 223.12

Apology for the Work.

THOSE who have confidence enough to attempt to publish their lives must, in general I think, be led on to the undertaking either by supposing their memoirs of sufficient importance to engage public attention, or from an urgent wish to exculpate themselves or friends from certain unfavorable imputations, to which the peculiarities of their condition may render them obnoxious. The former of these motives savours a little of vanity, the latter, having always in some degree necessity for its base, I presume is more just and laudable. Which of the two have preponderated with me, in the present publication, my impartial readers will determine from the following considerations submitted to their judgment.

In the first place, I am actuated by a strong desire to account for my present unestablished state, notwithstanding the advantages of birth, education and friends, by bringing to view, with genuine candor, the essential inci-

dents of my life, attested by a number of respectable characters, whose names are made public in the narrative, and to whom I now sincerely apologize for the liberty I have taken in introducing them: the importance and necessity of such credentials to the work will I hope extenuate that freedom; especially as I have not therein infringed those sacred laws of society, confidence and secrecy.

A second, not less prevalent, incentive is to engage those, who have already honored me with their friendship and protection, to indulge with their farther countenance and support in my actual views; provided they approve the general tenor of my past sentiments and conduct: to entreat them to excuse the follies of my youth and those of a friend so near to me as a brother whom I have brought on the scene; follies which I do not attempt to justify, but rather to hold up, with the sanction of dear-bought experience, to my juvenile countrymen, as faithful examples of the too common indiscretions of our first intercourse with the world; indiscretions to be by them most religiously guarded

guarded against. I shall conclude this self-accusation however by pleading the imperfection inseparable from human nature, by hoping that my improprieties and follies will appear more the result of inexperience, or of certain errors of education than of vitiated inclinations—from which view I flatter myself the judicious reader will draw this conclusion in my favor.

“ Dat locum pænæ scelus, non mentis error.”

My next object in the work is a very natural one, at least to a person even of moderate ambition, of which I honestly declare myself possessed, though some actions of my life may argue against or render the assertion paradoxical—this very powerful motive, which is in itself some consolation to a man who has hitherto seen his utmost endeavours baffled, is to rescue the principal events of a chequered life from that insignificance or oblivion in which they would otherwise lie buried in the grand volume of human affairs—and moreover to demonstrate to his family, friends and the public that his repeated want of success has not been the consequence

consequence of inactivity, irresolution, or a defect of the most ardent desires and spirited efforts to acquire an independence.

These are the considerations by which I am influenced in bringing myself before an ever awful tribunal, to whose candor and indulgence I freely trust myself, and which I modestly rely will be accepted as valid inducements to the undertaking.

DEDICATION.

DEDICATION

TO THE

*Youth of Great Britain and
Ireland.*

Je vous aime o mes concitoyens ! et mon
premier desir est de vous être utile—

HELVETIUS.

Friends and Countrymen!

IMPRESSED with a lively
sense of the numerous dan-
gers that surround you, and
anxious to guard you against
those rocks and shoals, on
which so many split on the
outset of their voyage through
life, I now address you with all
the sympathy and concern
which

x DEDICATION.

which a man, just escaped from the wreck, feels for those whom he sees in a situation hazardous as that to which he has been so recently exposed. Accept my sincere, earnest wishes for your safety, prosperity and honor.

Frequent have been my vicissitudes, my difficulties and afflictions not inconsiderable: you will perceive they sometimes have been the consequence of pure misfortune, occasionally the effects of instability or a passion for novelty; but, in general, the result of an
over-

DEDICATION. xi

over-zealous ambition to rise above mediocrity: Unprosperous events are often unforeseen and not to be obviated by the most consummate prudence or wisdom: inconstancy and ambition, too common to youth, may be checked, and the necessity of restraining them will be fully evinced in my narrative.

Good sense and reflection will enable you to derive other important lessons from this work—to you therefore, my youthful friends and compatriots! I most heartily devote
it

xii DEDICATION.

it as a friendly monitor, instructor and guide in your early and perilous commerce with the world—that it may answer such desirable intentions is the ardent wish of

H. CRAMOND.

*London, December, 1785,
No. 64, Strand —
opposite Bedford-street.*

Typographical Errors.

| PAGE | Line | 9. | for | contradicting | read | contradictory. | |
|------|------|----|-----|---------------|------------|----------------|--------------|
| | 7. | — | 13. | — | exite | — | excite. |
| | 9. | — | 2. | — | civilizd | — | civilized. |
| | 21. | — | 3. | <i>molto.</i> | illine | — | illinc. |
| | 25. | — | 7. | — | Queensbury | — | Queensberry. |
| | 35. | — | 16. | — | asiento | — | assiento. |
| | 65. | — | 7. | <i>title</i> | rimarks | — | remarks. |
| | 92. | — | 10. | — | apellation | — | appellation. |

Outlines of Human Life.

CHAP. I.

*Shewing the general design of the work—
Outlines of human life—General errors of
education, and their consequences—which
may serve as an introduction to the subse-
quent narrative.*

Quo femel est imbuta recens servabit odorem

Testa diu.

HOR.

WHEN any work is determined on, the first and not least important part of the undertaking is to model a well-digested plan, conveying a just idea of the extent, dimensions and uses of the edifice:—for from such a contemplation alone can the foundation be accurately laid, or the super-structure raised with that symmetry and strength that do honor to the architect. From analogy, which so often deceives the most penetrating physicians, I may rationally conclude

B

that

that an author who rashly attempts to build his fame on any publication, without having previously defined to himself, with as little partiality as possible, the bounds of his talents and ascertained his particular genius, without having marshalled his ideas and reduced the rude offspring of his imagination to some order and design, will commonly repent his indiscretion and expose himself to ridicule.

To avoid therefore, in some degree, the censure of a public, already cruelly harassed by crude, unmeaning productions, I, who am now initiating myself member of a very numerous fraternity, honestly declare that I do not enter upon the following subject, or rather concatenation of events, merely to gratify a vain passion for writing:—I know my insufficiency, and reader, believe me sincere in assuring you, I am modest enough to consider the present work as more descriptive of necessity than invention—the former is said to produce the latter; but this re-
mark

mark I apprehend will not be strongly evinced in the course of my history. Indeed I do not therein aspire to any thing beyond real facts and useful observations deduced from them:—for, tho' much tragic and a little comic may be found in the description, there is no plot, no studied incidents and situations attempted—it is a plain, genuine narrative, totally differing from novel or romance, in which the abundant vicissitudes of my family, friends, and myself are faithfully enregistered and artlessly brought to view in the exact forms and times they presented. I shall however, endeavour to render the whole as entertaining and instructive as veracity and my limited powers will permit me.

I am very conscious my task is arduous, nor have I engaged therein without the most serious reflection. How far I am interested in this work is explained in my apology; the advantages that youth may derive from it, I do not presume to

decide : but, if the utmost sincerity, an unaffected concern for that age of folly, unguarded confidence and tyrannic passions can plead in its favor, I have the satisfaction to think it is not quite destitute of merit in its application to others, and that it may be of utility to them, by exhibiting the early scenes of life and holding up, *in terrorem*, my own levities and errors, during that critical period, and those of friends nearly allied to me.

Such are the most striking characters of the work, into which I might now with propriety immediately launch. Yet previous to relating the particular memoirs of myself and family, it may not be improper to sketch the general outlines of human life, the most frequent errors of education &c. for I imagine a survey of this kind not only very introductory and relevant to my design, but necessary to convince my readers that, while I aim at captivating their attention by a representation of variegated circumstances, I
do

do not forget that private occurrences are of small moment when compared with the grand and more universal transactions of mankind at large.

Life, a whimsical picture of good and bad fortune, of freedom and slavery, of egregious folly and imperfect wisdom; life, in short, forming a prodigious variety of the most contradicting objects, presents to the human mind an extensive landscape, infinitely diversified. Nature seems indeed diffused throughout the wide scene, but spreads around her such numerous fanciful, often shocking and unaccountable contrasts, that the most capacious imagination is soon over-crowded and confused, and contemplation quite lost in pity or wonder.

To trace man through every age and clime, through every state of existence, would be a labor of magnitude—it is enough for my purpose to depict him within the bonds of civil society from

tender, helpless infancy to that crisis generally filed the meridian of his days; when he is supposed to have acquired all, or the greatest part of the ever circumscribed knowledge, penetration, judgment and discretion which fall to his lot. I shall not go beyond that period, for truly it would give me pain to behold him in the later progress of his years, losing ground rapidly; to see his brightest talents, his most refined scientific attainments mouldering like his corporal frame and approaching too visibly to inevitable dissolution—even his flow and dear-bought experience failing him; till at length he sinks into the silent grave, almost as weak and childish as in the very first stage of his being. Why should I anticipate such humiliating sensations? why indulge such gloomy ideas? Too soon, alas! the melancholy truth will declare itself! too soon be revealed to those who now thoughtlessly wanton in the short-lived bloom and transient gaiety of youth: to the hoary sage it already
stands

stands confessed—he feels his nerves unstrung, his most elaborate mental efforts wanting their pristine vigor; he feels the expiring energy of the whole, nor can he prevent the total extinction that must shortly ensue.

The philosophic eye may view these events with calm indifference—few however enjoy that unruffled serenity—I know I do not; I find myself a son of nature and, without blushing at my weakness, frankly own the agitation which similar reflections excite in my breast.

Far be it from me presumptuously to call in question the wise dispensations of providence—ever sacred and enveloped in awful secrecy—what impious mortal dare attempt to explore their *primum mobile*, their source and design? But how is it possible to behold without astonishment, an astonishment blended with compassion, the various conditions of man?

various

various indeed! some basking in the warmest sun-shine of fortune, of ease and independence, while others are languishing in extreme poverty, or toiling through life in a state of the most laborious drudgery and wretched servility: the just and virtuous often miserable, the oppressive and wicked frequently revelling in all the luxury of riches, pomp and titles. To enumerate all the differences, distinctions, and descriptions of mankind, to point out the amazing diversity of their character, manners, passions, views and actions, is not my intention: a slight consideration of the multitude is more than adequate to my capacity, and affords ample matter to exercise my feelings, to persuade me, beyond doubt, that we are in perpetual conflict, that man has not a greater enemy in the creation than his own species, that we live as it were upon each other; in few words, that wild ambition, tyranny, rapine, cruelty and lust strongly characterize the human race—the sad effects of these depravities are daily exemplified
in

in common life, and in the most civilized states.

Amidst all these difficulties and dangers, we the boasted lords of this material world, come into it quite unarmed and defenceless—for several years we are entirely at the mercy of those, who, happily for our preservation, protection and safety, have commonly implanted in them a tender and anxious regard for our pitiable weakness; who have patience to endure the almost incessant cries, fretfulness and many painful indispositions that mark the first age of man. Even here let me observe the perverseness of our nature is too manifest; and I cannot help thinking a great deal might be done at this early period towards eradicating, or at least correcting those vicious principles which then discover themselves, and which, if not cropt in the very bud, shoot up into the most pernicious, and often fatal vices.

Unfortunately however this seasonable juncture for moulding the flexible infant
mind

mind is seldom improved: the passionately fond and erroneously indulgent parents recoil at the very idea of counteracting any bad tendency in their children; they foolishly, not to say criminally, gratify their most refractory tempers and inconsiderately inure those tendrils to the worst inclinations and habits, which by a little judicious treatment and lenient correction might in a great measure be guarded against. But such ever was, is and will be the most usual strange incongruence of human conduct: small is the number who keep within the happy medium—parents are either guilty of the most unnatural indifference and neglect of their offspring, or of the most unbridled partiality and hazardous indulgence.

Fathers and mothers! ye respectable guardians of a future race! I experience your feelings, I am sensible of the soft emotions that thrill through your bosoms—yet I address myself with earnestness to your good sense and reflection—believe me,

me, I rather wish to augment than diminish your affections, for none of you are more fond, more tenderly attached than I am; I only desire to see you regulate those ever amiable affections, to direct them to useful, noble purposes, and above all, cautiously to shun that indiscriminate, mad, blind fondness of your children, which so frequently terminates in your excruciating sorrow and ineffectual regret, in their misery and ruin.

After a tedious infancy, more or less protracted by constitution and other circumstances, follows childhood, a space more critical still than the former; for now the youthful mind begins to unfold itself gradually and becomes susceptible of strong impressions, impressions that sometimes carry their influence to our latest years.

It is therefore of the utmost consequence to watch over our charge at this time with peculiar care, to remove every
contaminating

contaminating example, to curb gently their rising passions, to open the tender soil, and throw in, with nice judgment, the first seeds of education. But how few attend to these important cautions! How many, on the reverse, unguardedly suffer their children to dissipate those precious moments in constant idleness and in giving the fullest scope to every caprice of that thoughtless age. Sincerely do I lament the fate of those whose indigence and unmerited misfortunes, not want of inclination, disqualify them for the performance of several essential and grateful duties; and as severely do I condemn those parents, who, tho' blest with affluence and leisure, refuse to devote a just portion of their hours to the superintendency and instruction of their children.

Not that I recommend an over-studious attention on either side: the puerile imagination is not to be clogged; it is naturally prone to lightness, and although
sportive

sportive nature may sometimes require management, it is never to be altogether subverted.

I distinguish the succeeding division of life into some years before and after the exact age of puberty—perhaps no term of our existence more decisively determines our future happiness and degree of consequence in the world. It is at this period that parental is in a great measure exchanged for magisterial authority: now is the expanded, busy youthful genius employed in the acquisition of different accomplishments, now is the season to adopt that particular mode of education which immediately corresponds with the humble, middle or exalted rank and views in life of the concerned; to fix their stations and to direct our chief attention, and most enforced precepts towards qualifying our young pupils hereafter to fill the departments assigned to them with credit and success.

Yet,

Yet, glaring as the advantages are that would be derived from a strict observance of the above plan, from a minute inspection into the capacity and laudable dispositions of youth, and by placing them in situations as analogous as possible to both, I am sorry to assert that no time of life is oftener grossly abused and mispent. Indeed I find myself at this instant in so wide a field for justest satire and invective, I am so keenly irritated by the insuperable prejudices, follies and blind zeal of mankind in a business of such extensive interest as the education of their children, that lest I should be enthusiastic in my censure in proportion to the obstinacy of the multitude and lash them with all the severity their voluntary blindness deserves, a task that must be painful in the end to humanity, I shall drop the subject by remarking that more people owe their disappointments, calamities and inability to obtain a decent and comfortable establishment to an ill-directed application
of

of their genius and talents in youth than to any other cause.

Here I cannot refrain from bringing to view, as a very proper example of the irrational method adopted by numbers, the opinion of a gentleman with whom I am sufficiently acquainted to see and pity his error, an error I fear he will soon but too late repent. His family is numerous, his fortune I presume not very considerable : never was man more affectionately devoted to his children ; never was poor mortal more ridiculously infatuated in his scheme of bringing them up. He has been for some time in the use of a tutor, and his present one is undoubtedly a person of elegant abilities—but tutors, though the ostensible characters, are, in fact, often held by wiser papa and mamma, uncles, aunts, cousins &c. as mere cyphers, apologetic tools, requisite for parade in a house and little else.

This

This gentleman, instead of prudently consulting the dispositions of his girls and boys, instead of previously considering the occupations for which he designs them, has all indiscriminately instructed in the Latin tongue, geography and declamation. The young ladies, who by the bye are far most promising, are not taught so much to excel in needle-work and other becoming branches of housewifery as to read and scan Virgil with ease and propriety, to distinguish the beauties of Shakespeare and Milton, to repeat with grace and pathos the finest passages of our best poets; and this not unfrequently at very improper times and places. The boys are conducted in a stile equally erroneous, learning those things they ought not to learn, and leaving unlearned those things which they ought to learn—in short, this over-zealous father has laid down to himself the following maxim, from which he is resolved not to depart, let his friends sneer and deride as long as they please—My children,

children, says he, shall acquire an universal knowledge and then they will be enabled to judge for themselves; they will then be adequate to every calling and will attach themselves to that one in particular which they conclude is most congenial with their sentiments—a pretty modest design truly for this span of life!

Happy I must add would it be for many was not an influenza for the classics quite so rife---I greatly respect those venerable models of antiquity and have not an unfavourable idea of their worth---but sincerity, which shall be my guide throughout this work, obliges me to confess, and I speak from experience, that a large overplus of time is expended at most public schools and colleges, in forming an intimacy with the ancients, that might be more valuably employed in the attainment of other qualifications, not less calculated to carry a man through the world with profit and honour than Latin, Greek, or Hebrew.

C

Were

Were these material points attended to, were proper distinctions preserved in the mode and extent of education given to youth, we should seldom see a classical head forced upon the shoulders of a clown or common mechanic; we should seldom be shocked at discovering a sublime understanding buried under the ruins of the cruelty and perverseness of parents, who rashly doomed the possessor to vegetate in obscurity, subjected perhaps to hardest bodily labour, who might have shone forth a bright meteor in the exalted sphere of science.

Such as I have described are the early years of man, during the course of which it is evident he suffers many inconveniences; from his excessive weakness in the first instance and afterwards from his inability to judge for himself, whereby he so often becomes the wretched dupe of the ignorance, folly or vices of those to whom he is committed. These days however of innocence and passiveness pass
away,

away, so will life itself! Adolescence advances—the young man now steps forward and launches quickly into the busy scenes of this grand theatre, the world, with all his passions afloat: still unsuspecting, guardless of the dangerous commerce he is entering upon, he supposes all about him his warmest friends and gives to all his unlimited confidence: till finding at length his generosity trampled on, his simplicity wantonly ridiculed by his own sex and the other, perhaps at the expense of his health and fortune, his best trust, in short, abused, the bandage, happily when not too late! falls from his eyes; he begins, for the first time, to see mankind in their true colours; he perceives himself in the midst of deceit, artifice, fraud, insatiate pride, avarice, oppression, malice and revenge—he looks around him with astonishment, and shudders at the sight of the combined enemies he has so narrowly escaped—and here I leave him to journey on to the end of his existence, with his little stock of wisdom

and practical knowledge of his fellow travellers : may he and they make the wisest use of their respective experience.

It is now time to return to myself, to open the records of my own life, to review the different stages of my being, and particularly to dwell upon that term of it which may be justly stiled the novitiate of youth. For the beginning of this relation, which I repeat will be perfectly unsophisticated, I refer my indulgent readers to the following chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*Containing an account of my parentage—
Circumstances of my father and mother at
the time of their marriage---Consequences
thereof.*

Humani generis Mores tibi nosse volenti
Sufficit una Domus : paucos consume Dies, et
Dicere te miserum, quando illine veneris, aude—

Juv.

AND must I look back upon myself
and consider my past life? The
very thought of such a retrospect fills my
mind with a thousand gloomy, sorrowful
ideas; the most calamitous scenes open
on my imagination---I shudder at the re-
collection of my own misfortunes, diffi-
culties and dangers---numerous they cer-
tainly have been: but when I bring to
my view the general unhappy fate of my
family and friends, the disastrous lives
and melancholy deaths of my dear pa-
rents, my own sorrows are quite absorbed
in theirs; I am affected beyond descrip-

tion at the sight of their miseries, and am almost discouraged from pursuing a history that must so often and painfully excite my feelings. Yet I see the necessity of performing the task, and to that necessity sacrifice sensation; justice to others and to myself is the incentive and I proceed.

As it is usual for biographers to premise some genealogical observations, and as such remarks seem of importance to the narrative, I shall comply with the rules of the fraternity; and I trust my readers will have too much liberality of sentiment to impute to vanity and ostentation the account which I shall give of my family.

All who have honor and that laudable ambition, so requisite in life, thrown into their composition must I think feel a secret exultation in deriving their descent from worthy, respectable ancestors; from those who have been useful to their country and distinguished by their talents---but
contemptibly

contemptibly vain is the man, who presuming on the virtues or greatness of others, boasts of the merits of his progenitors and kindred and values himself thereon, without striving to copy those parts of their conduct most deserving of imitation.

My father, Robert Cramond, well known in the commercial world for his eminent abilities, was born in Edinburgh on the 8th of April, 1703. He was son of Robert Cramond, long clerk of the bills in that city, a person, as I have often heard, for I had never the pleasure of seeing him, of the most upright and amiable character. I shall just observe here that Rosline-Castle, that romantic spot and venerable monument of Caledonian antiquity, was long my grandfather's residence. He was nearly allied to the Cramonds of Auldbar, in Scotland, who bear the same arms. His family I believe was rather more extensive than his fortune ; he had seven children by his
first

first wife and by his second one daughter, who was married to the late Dr. Boswell of Edinburgh, brother of Lord Auchinlech, whose son is James Boswell Esq. advocate, now much respected in his professional line, and who has beside considerable merit as an author.

Among the doctor's children are Robert Boswell Esq. writer to the signet, and Capt. Boswell, of the Earl of Chesterfield East-Indiaman.

Three of my grandfather's sons died in their childhood---My name-fake Hercules lived past the meridian of life; he early attached himself to the sea, and was as honest, liberal, compassionate, careless and unfortunate an adventurer as ever crossed that precarious element.

Mrs. White, provost White's spouse, of Kirkaldy in Fifeshire, and John Forbes Esq. of Aldermanbury, London, are the issue of the other two daughters.

Mr. Forbes married Doctor Douglas's daughter of Carlisle, an amiable lady, who inherits the distinguished virtues of her worthy parents. She is niece of the late Sir John Douglas of Kilhead, near Dumfries, and first cousin of the late Duke of Queensbury.

My grandfather by the maternal line was Peter Crilly of Newry in Ireland, nephew to — Crilly, titular bishop of that see.

My grandmother was, collaterally, descended from the noble family of the Plunkets in Ireland. Her father, James Plunket of Clavingstown, sprang from a younger branch of the Fingal line—and his wife, Mary Plunket, was granddaughter of Lord Rathmore, which title and estate are gone to the family of Lord Bligh.

Both families were promiscuously settled in the counties of Dublin, Meath and

and Louth—but the chief part of my grandmother's relations are buried in Kilheen church. Admiral Tyrrel, Sir Peter Warren and Sir William Johnson were her near relations—the two former of whom signalized themselves the war before last, a war as glorious to Great Britain as it was humiliating to her enemies; the latter no less dear to his country and to those Americans, whom unhappily for this kingdom we can no longer call our fellow subjects, dear I say to both for having conciliated to us, by the wisest policy, moderation and justice, the friendship and affection of many of the savage nations—In reality most of my relations, both by paternal and maternal line, were in the service of their country either by sea or land.

The Earl of Abingdon, General Fitzroy, now Lord Southampton, and Colonel Skinner were married to Sir Peter Warren's daughters.

I shall

I shall not enter into farther detail of my pedigree, and indeed I think it necessary to apologize for having dwelt so long on a subject that cannot interest the generality of my readers, by appealing to their indulgence and assuring them that what may appear superfluous and of little consequence to their views is of the utmost importance to mine; because my continued misfortunes and present obscurity have, in a great measure, removed me from connexions who have it highly in their power to serve me and who, struck with the true representation of the adversity I have long struggled against, may hereafter extend their kind offices to an unfortunate relative.

Never was child more tenderly beloved by parents than my mother—she was the devoutly-wished for offspring of their later years—uncommon pains were bestowed on her education, which she amply repaid by the strictest obedience, the happiest genius and most engaging manners.

manners. Her person was beautiful; unaffected delicacy and exquisite sensibility beamed from her countenance and soon captivated the hearts of numerous admirers; amongst whom I could mention some of high rank and affluence, tho' her fortune was inconsiderable—for her father and mother had been great sufferers by the unhappy troubles that prevailed in Ireland towards the beginning of this century.

At the time I am alluding to she had scarcely attained her fourteenth year—but so elegant was her presence and improved her mind at that youthful period that a croud of lovers already offered their ardent vows at the shrine of her charms.

My father was of the number—he was then about fifty—Time, who commits such cruel ravages among both sexes, seemed to have selected him for his favorite—for at that age he preserved
all

all the bloom and sprightliness of the noon-day of life. His stature was of the middle-size and finely proportioned; his features manly and graceful—his address was uncommonly refined, expressive of the most finished politeness and extensive knowledge of the world.

With such accomplishments he could hardly fail, in spite of years, to attract the attention of a sentimental fair, who set the highest value on mental qualifications: he was quickly distinguished from his rivals; like Cæsar he came, saw and conquered—in few words, the nuptials soon took place. They were performed according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of Rome, when those marriages were lawful—for my mother and her family were zealously attached to that persuasion, and she would not have been espoused to a monarch otherwise; but my father, who was very liberal in religious matters, readily yielded to such a stipulation. The marriage was consummated
without

without the assent of parents, who for certain reasons objected to the alliance : they were, however, shortly after reconciled to it, for the crime was not unpardonable, especially in their daughter, who had never before swerved from the most passive submission.

I remarked above that my mother had several advantageous offers ; nor was the party she preferred, though her motives were far from pecuniary, least so—my father at that juncture lived in all the ease and splendor of an opulent merchant : his talents were universal, and so well adapted to commerce by education, experience, and by an accurate acquaintance with all the European manners and languages, that he seemed born to be the oracle of that noble and useful science.

He was often consulted on the most intricate points of trade, in which he ever displayed the most penetrating judgment.

ment. Having passed some years in Russia in the early part of his life, and studied the emoluments derived to this country from a commercial intercourse with that empire, he entered that great channel of traffic, and established the first English house of any note at Petersburg. He was a spirited promoter of the British Fishery Company—a most important service which he rendered the crown of Portugal would be too tedious to relate at length.

It consisted principally in the discovery and establishment, under his directions, of a settlement in South America, which has formed as it were a key to the Portuguese commerce in those parts. He was at a vast expense in the business, and was promised an ample reimbursement and reward by that false, tyrannical minister D'ouares, now commonly called Marquis of Pombal. My father applied in person for the debt, about the time of the last dreadful earthquake at Lisbon; the pay-
ment

ment of which being very ungenerously refused by the above minister, he grew warm in his demand: till some friends apprising him that his life or liberty were at stake if he persisted in his claim, he left the kingdom without receiving the smallest compensation.

I have heard him complain of unrewarded services to this government, but as I am unacquainted with their nature and extent, shall not dwell thereon—I believe he made several urgent applications on the subject to Lord North, the Earl of Sandwich and others, in the beginning of that administration, and that the frustration of those expectations, on which he ultimately depended, accelerated his death.

I shall enter more particularly into the character and situation of my father and mother in subsequent parts of this work—these were their most material circumstances when they met and were united in matrimony,

matrimony, in which state they passed near three years in much conjugal harmony and bliss.

During that space my brother and I came into being. He was named Robert after his father; they called me Hercules in compliment to my uncle, and not on account of any thing in my form foreboding the gigantic—therefore wonder not, reader, whenever we meet, to find me very moderate in every dimension.

C H A P. III.

My father's failure and departure for the continent—Peculiarities of my mother's situation at that crisis—Conduct of the former during eight years absence from his family, and unhappy effects thereof—My grandmother's generous interposition.

ALAS! how soon do the most flattering prospects in life assume a different aspect—my father's affairs were in a flourishing condition at the time of his marriage; he was carested by the wife and great, and lived upon the most intimate footing with some of the first literary characters in the nation—our celebrated poet, Mr. Pope, was long his neighbour and particular friend: that melodious bard's enchanting retreat at Twickenham, described by him with such rural and lovely imagery in one of his epistles, was contiguous to my father's villa.

But

But those Halcyon days were not to last—the happy, tranquil scene suddenly changed—a heavy cloud gathered and soon involved us in a tempest of misfortunes, big with misery and desolation.

My father at this period was engaged in concerns of magnitude ; like most superior geniuses he was fond of the speculative—he did considerable business in the Turkey or Levant as well as the Russian trade, and had entered into a large contract with the Spanish government, the nature of which and my father's reputation as a merchant are set forth in the first edition of Postlethwayte's commercial dictionary, under the title *Afiento*.

In these various negotiations he had several vessels employed—some of which proving extremely unsuccessful, many bad debts occurring and other unfortunate events, he fell a victim to that spirit of enterprise so necessary to support the vigor of commerce, but which, like every design of

public utility, sacrifices a few to the benefit of numbers—in short, he failed to a very considerable amount : he failed however with integrity and honor ; infomuch when he received his certificate ten thousand pounds were offered him by his creditors to retrieve his affairs—but a far larger sum would have been inadequate to the purpose—he therefore politely thanked them for their confidence, and retired shortly after to Paris, much dejected at this reverse of fortune.

Perhaps no imperfection of the human mind contributes more to the unhappiness of ourselves and others than pride ; it is the frequent bane of many worthy people.

My father being no longer capable to maintain his family in a stile agreeable to his ambition and past manner of living, rashly persuaded my mother, previous to his departure for the continent, to seclude herself as much as possible from his
friends

friends and to take the name of Brudenell—a too affectionate compliance on her part, that gave rise to fundry disagreeable consequences to her and her children, as will appear in the sequel of this history. She, kind, gentle, unsuspecting being, had no apprehensions of the future. Firmly relying on his fidelity and attachment, his tender regard for their offspring, her grand object was the completion of his wishes, which she most religiously obeyed during the wretched remainder of her days.

I shall not strive to delineate my dear mother's feelings on that sorrowful separation—my own would be too keenly wounded in the attempt—they were those of a virtuous, loving wife parting from her husband in adverse circumstances, without the soothing expectancy of his speedy return.

She was then in her eighteenth year and pregnant with her third child, my sister Robina, who is now living at Paris.

For sometime my father was tolerably exact in his remittances, which, managed with the œconomy of an excellent though young housewife, afforded us a decent subsistence. I am sorry to add, and I speak with respect due even to the memory of an unkind parent, and with that compassion which one man should have for the indiscretions of another, yes I am grieved to add that in two or three years his conduct entirely altered; and justice to the truth compels me to observe that new and illicit engagements with the fair sex, extravagance and dissipation, not want of money, were the causes of his following neglect. Truly painful is it to me to bring to view the follies, not to say guilt, of a deceased father: he has been long beyond my censure mouldering in the dust—nor would I, were he at this moment in existence, reproach him with his forgetfulness; I would cherish his old age, and vanquish his indifference by the tenderest filial offices—but, reader, if you feel for him
in

in this just accusation, feel also for his innocent, calamitous family, and do not think me undutiful or severe in pointing out, with sad concern, the author of our sufferings.

In consequence of his remissness we were repeatedly reduced to the most embarrassing exigences, and rigid want itself more than once stared us in the face. At length he referred my mother to his nephew, Mr. Forbes, who was about that time first established in the house of Mr. Burton, governor of the bank, and to Mr. Trant, a gentleman, I recollect, who was heir to a capital estate and died in less than a week after his father's funeral —by which unexpected incident, a considerable sum was lost to us that had been advanced by my father to Mr. Trant while at Paris, upon promise of reimbursement when he came to his fortune, and for which he very honorably offered my mother ample security not more than ten or twelve days before his death : but
she,

she, distressed as she was, scorning to betray the slightest doubt of his word, for his character was worthy and amiable, steadfastly declined such acknowledgment; and the young gentleman dying so suddenly after, I believe intestate, or at least without properly adjusting his affairs, the recovery of the debt became totally impracticable.

As to Mr. Forbes, my mother had no idea of addressing him—she was too generous and considerate to accept an advance from him, knowing that he was only just then beginning the world and apprehending that my father might be, from his past inattention to his family, slow in refunding the loan.

Thus deprived of each resource we continued to linger in obscure penury for a long space, without receiving the smallest supply from France. I avoid minute details of the complicated scenes of misery we passed through during that period, because they would carry me far beyond
the

the limits I have designed; and I shall close this chapter by observing that had not my grandmother, that most affectionate and liberal of parents, who was at this juncture a widow and in possession of an easy fortune, generously stepped in to our assistance, we should in all probability have been crushed under the iron hand of poverty and affliction; for my mother's sentiments were too refined to endure long the wretchedness of her condition.

Dear, venerable spirit! at thy name my very soul is warmed and tears of sincerest love and gratitude burst from those eyes that must never see thee more. Unmindful of thyself, thou didst fly to the cries of an almost desponding daughter weeping o'er her poor, helpless children: thou didst extend thy bountiful hand and, to screen us from want, sacrifice thy future peace of mind along with thy independence and, shocking to relate! finish thy latter days in that misery from which thou preservedst us the greatest part of eight years.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

Our embarkation for France and journey to Paris—Arrival there—Meeting of my father and mother—Our first acquaintance with Abbé Plowden—My sister's departure for the English convent at Rouen, my brother's and mine for the English college at St. Omer.

YES, for several years did that excellent woman obviate all our necessities and enable us to live with decency and credit: she carried her liberality still farther, even to my father, whom she supplied with some hundred pounds on his mere promise of satisfying all her claims in a short time.

At length her own finances began to fail, without any prospect of the promised return—my brother, sister and I were at an age to commence our education—indeed we had already received useful rudiments and lessons from our
mother,

mother, whose whole study and delight was the improvement of our youthful minds; and I can impartially assert that no mother was better qualified to instruct her children. Never was she more elated than when we were giving little specimens among her friends of our early acquisitions in prose and verse: this I must confess was one of her strongest passions and we were sometimes, in fact, rather closely plied in preparing for exhibitions of this nature—commendable zeal! oh that all parents glowed with the same enthusiasm!

For the reasons I have mentioned a determination was formed to embark for France before my grandmother's money was entirely exhausted and that she should accompany us to Paris, in hopes that her presence would influence my father and engage him to repay, at least, a part of his large debt to her.

In August 1765, we all went on board a vessel bound from London to Boulogne
— and

—and thus originated my peregrinations, which since that era have not been a little diversified. Our passage I remember was tedious; our journey from Boulogne to Paris still more so—three children and an aged parent were no small charge to my mother—which, added to the awkwardness of French travelling, rendered the excursion to her far from entertaining.

And here I cannot help admiring and extolling the convenience, ease and expedition offered to the traveller in this country, this happier land! where every luxury and object of general advantage are improved with emulation and ardor, and rapidly brought to an unequalled perfection.

However, young as I was, I enjoyed the change of scene; my love of novelty already declared itself, for I honestly confess my propensity for visiting foreign climes has been very prevalent, and I as
frankly

frankly own that few men have been more the dupe of a rambling, adventurous disposition. But that inclination is nearly extinct—grown wiser and more sedate by fruitless toils and disappointments, I see the vanity and folly of wandering on the globe, and should at this hour think myself too blessed in discovering some humble, peaceful retreat, where, sheltered from the storms to which I have been so long exposed, I might in tranquillity devote the residue of my days to my family and friends—but that anxiously wished for port is not yet in sight; nor do I feel the approach of any prosperous gale to waft me towards it.

Never shall I forget our arrival at the Gallic capital—as we entered the gates, the triumphant postillion displaying his skill and making the whole suburbs of St. Denis reverberate with his unmerciful lashes, my dear mother wept bitterly, as if suddenly impressed with a dismal prescience of the fatality which soon after terminated her existence there.

I pass

I pass over occurrences from that instant till the meeting of my father and mother, which happened about a week after our reaching Paris—I was not present at the interview, but have often heard my brother describe it as it operated on his imagination at the moment : it was solemn and affecting—joy and forgiveness, conscious shame and confusion were the most prevailing sensations.

During our stay in that city we did not reside with my father, who was elegantly accommodated in the Rue de Richelieu—we were chiefly at the house of a Mrs. Rose to whom he had recommended us.

It was in that family our acquaintance with Abbé Plowden, our first and most generous benefactor, took its rise. That benevolent and humane gentleman, of whom I shall often speak with that gratitude and veneration due to his christian philanthropy, is nephew to the late Earl of Stafford and brother to Lady Dowager

ger Jerningham of Grosvenor-square, whose son has occasionally favored the public with poetical essays that do honor to his sentiment and taste—the family seat is Plowden-hall in Shropshire—but my respectable friend, the Abbé, was born in the Castle of St. Germain en Laye, four leagues from Paris, and was honored at the baptismal font by the unfortunate King James who was his sponsor.

To this worthy character, l'Abbé Plowden, was my mother providentially introduced: he admired her understanding and piety and highly applauded her anxiety to have us brought up in the religion of her forefathers; and he was no sooner informed of my father's want of parental affection and care than he, with infinite goodness, received us under his protection. Whereupon my sister was immediately taken to the English convent at Rouen in Normandy by his friend, Madame la Comtesse de Chabot, who was on a tour in that part of France, and particularly

particularly recommended by her to Lady Vavaffour the Abbefs. My brother and I were fhortly after conducted to the Englifh college at St. Omer by a venerable Francifcan friar, father Boniface, whofe good nature and facetioufnefs on the road are ftill fresh in my memory.

Thus were we feparated from the moft virtuous and kindeft mother, little apprehending that feparation was final. We were all old enough to be extremely fenfible of the lofs of her and our grandmother, and to mingle our fighs and tears with theirs in parting.

Twenty years have nearly elapsed fince I began a college life, which appeared to me awhile harfh and gloomy; but which perhaps, on the whole, was the happieft portion of my being.

C H A P. V.

Situation of my mother and grandmother at this period—Conduct of my father to both, with a brief description of Mrs. Rose and family—Accident of fire at my mother's lodging.

SOME months rolled away at college without any material incident. My brother and I were treated with tenderness and regard by that pious and learned president the Rev. Alban Butler.

During this space my mother and grandmother remained at Paris: the latter in expectation of a reimbursement from my father—for her fortune, that would have enabled her to end her days in peace and comfort, was now quite expended; so that, desirous as she was to quit France, she could not return without a supply. Yet vain were her expectations—my father continued as indifferent as ever. Just as her demands

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were

were and represented with so much mildness and generosity, they were totally unregarded; that worthy, bountiful creature was detained against her will, by the want of a sufficiency to defray her expenses back to England.

I am urged to say his behaviour to my mother was no less inconsiderate—Some evil genius seemed to have crossed his mind and made him determine to abandon them both to their fate. They still lived separate: instead of cherishing and consoling the most virtuous and amiable consort, instead of striving to expiate his ingratitude, he did not even conceal his irregularities, which were faithfully reported by Mrs. Rose, at whose house my mother generally passed the day. Culpable as he was I cannot approve that lady's information: it was ungenerous on the one hand, as she and her husband were under essential obligations to my father—indeed there was a daughter in the case; and as I have valid reasons
to

to believe a reciprocation of services existed there, shall waive that subject— On the other hand, her following conduct fully evinced that she was not actuated by benevolence or friendship to the injured character: I therefore reprobate her insinuations, which I am inclined to suspect rather as the effect of malevolence and cunning than of sympathy or compassion for the unhappy sufferer.

My mother returned every evening to her apartments, and commonly amused herself an hour or two reading in her bed, a rash and dangerous habit to which many have been victims—it was very near proving fatal to her one night. She entered her lodging almost overcome by sorrowful reflection, undressed and afterwards had recourse to her usual consolation, a book: sleep suddenly seizing her, the light was left unextinguished, which by accident reaching the curtains, the whole of the bed-furniture was instantly

in flames. However the hour of her dissolution was not yet come—she awoke flightly scorched, but terribly alarmed, sprang from the bed and called for assistance, which being timely procured the fire was extinguished without farther damage.

C H A P. VI.

The melancholy account of my mother's death—My grandmother's critical situation at the time—Her quitting Paris shortly after, visit to us at college and return to England—Her following distressed condition and motive for concealing herself from her relations.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit,
Incipiam——

VIRG.

WILLINGLY would I drop a veil over this part of my life, for the relation thereof must be doubly painful to my feelings—it brings back to my mind, already sufficiently agitated, two of the most calamitous incidents of my family and obliges me to expose, in deep colors, the unnatural conduct of a father, whose name I should be happy to recal with more respect and gratitude. Several months had elapsed without any intelli-

gence from Paris, when the worthy Alban Butler called out my brother and me one morning from our studies and, after many friendly and preparatory expressions, told us he had received a letter from l'Abbé Plowden, communicating the death of our mother, who had been lately seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which carried her off in a few days. This was the fictitious account that kind gentleman gave us; the real history would have been too tragic for our tender years—we heard enough to fill us with unutterable grief. Long shall I remember the anguish in which we retired to chapel, where with sincerity of heart we poured forth our affliction to the Almighty, and with all the religious fervor that then warmed our breasts implored him in behalf of our deceased parent.

But very different were the cause and circumstances of her death—I shall relate them in as few words as I am able.

My

My father persisting in his obduracy and my grandmother's exigences daily increasing with her infirmities, for she was then between seventy and eighty, quite paralytic on one side, it was impossible for a tender and dutiful daughter to be a calm spectatress of the affecting scene—my mother therefore resolved to go to her unfeeling husband and solicit him, in the most urgent manner, to render some justice to one who had saved us from misery and destruction. In this resolution she went to my father and had a serious conference with him: I presume from what followed that his flagrant infidelity and protracted neglect of his family came into the subject, and that, animated far beyond her usual warmth at the idea of such accumulative injuries, she yielded at length to resentment and reproached him with severity for his wanton abuse of her affection and forbearance and, above all, for his impious indifference to the distresses of my grandmother, distresses

treffes that flowed altogether from his misconduct.

Roused as my suspicions are I shall not let them go farther; but from that hour my mother disappeared. She had promised to return to my grandmother immediately after the interview, who waited in the utmost anxiety for a day or two, when another stroke of the palsy and absolute want compelled her to apply for admittance into the Hotel Dieu. She had not been long in the hospital before her ears were pierced with the most piteous cries from a neighbouring ward, and she distinctly heard her daughter exclaim, repeatedly, mother! mother! come to my assistance or I perish! Struck by the dear, well-known voice and regardless of her own infirm state, she attempted to move towards the sound, every repetition of which chilled her with horror—but finding all her feeble efforts vain, she, with that happy presence of mind which never forsook her on the
most

most alarming occasions, endeavoured to collect her spirits, called for one of the father confessors, who was an Irish gentleman, and asked him, with all the composure she could command, whether there was a female patient in the house of the name of Brudenell. The priest, after some hesitation, replied in the affirmative. My dear grandmother hardly mistress of herself upon the intelligence, desired hastily to see her. The father told her that the young lady was then too much disordered in her senses to converse with any friend; that whenever she was somewhat recovered from her frenzy he would obtain the permission requested. At this my grandmother, unable to suppress her tortured feelings longer, burst into tears and bitterly protested she would see her child were death itself the consequence—upon which he retired.

He returned the next morning and briefly declared that the lady was dead—that she had been found running up
and

and down the streets with every symptom of raging madness, incapable of giving the least rational answer, and in that condition brought into the hospital; that he attended her in her last moments, and that she was favored by heaven with a lucid interval just before she expired, during which she gave striking proofs of virtue, religion and the most amiable disposition.

He concluded by sincerely lamenting her fate and offering my grandmother, who lay speechless on her bed with sorrow and astonishment, every consolation which the most pious resignation to the will of providence could suggest, and assured her she should, according to her earnest wishes, view the corpse of her daughter previous to interment. That entreaty however was not complied with; it is hard to conjecture on what account so natural a request was refused—she was buried without having the tears of parental

tal regret shed over her, without one friend to accompany her to the grave and say Farewel thou most unfortunate, most deserving woman! she was thrown undistinguished into the earth with other dead, without a stone to tell where she lay.

Thus my dearmother, as far as I know, finished her life, the latter years of which were truly miserable. She endured her troubles with admirable patience: in the midst of sharpest afflictions she was ever placid and serene. Her virtue rose superior to every temptation and more than once resisted with scorn the most dazzling overtures; even at a time when her excessive embarrassments and cruelty of him who should have been her protector would have almost justified the indiscretion—but her noble soul dreaded a mean action more than poverty.

As a mother, none could excel and small is the number equal to her perfection: in the very spring of life, that season of levity and gay pastime, her most delicious occupation was the care of her children—She taught us in our infancy to love honor and abhor its contrast; to cherish sensibility and consider mercy as the kindest attribute of the Deity. Her bosom was the seat of the most exalted friendship—with a mind highly cultivated, stored with the most refined accomplishments of her sex, possessed of uncommon eloquence, she was the wonder and delight of every circle she frequented.

Yet behold, reader, the unaccountable arrangement of human affairs; with all that excellence, those brilliant endowments, and believe me I have not been too lavish in her praise, how very moderate was her portion of felicity! how severe her trials! how shocking the catastrophe that terminated her woes! Peace to thy gentle shade fond, excellent parent!

I must

I must strive to forget thy sufferings, for I cannot reflect on them without rigidly condemning the ungrateful, the unjust person by whom they were inflicted.

My grandmother looked upon her situation with terror after this dreadful event—she obtained her discharge as soon as possible and returned to her former lodging.

Shortly after she waited on the British ambassador, Lord George Lenox, and represented to him her distressed condition—his excellence received her very graciously and supplied her with money for her journey; which added to a trifle my father condescended at last to desire Mrs. Rose to pay her, I think five guineas, enabled her to quit Paris.

That lady took into her custody all my mother's effects, under the pretence of securing them for my sister—but she afterwards overlooked her trust and thought
proper

proper to appropriate every thing to her own use. My grandmother passing through St. Omer on her way to England, my brother and I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing her—the recent loss of our mother rendered her presence additionally dear; she called us her children, embraced us with tearful eyes and could not refrain from imparting to us the melancholy death of her daughter. She opened her purse, with her wonted liberality, to gratify our youthful expectations and made us accept, unknowingly, a large share of her little stock—she devoutly gave us her blessing and we parted.

Sadness depresses my spirits as I am going to describe her following humiliating position—that venerable woman was to find no more rest in this world. One would naturally imagine that on her arrival in London she communicated her distresses to her friends; but her sentiments were very opposite: her regard for us prevailed over every other consideration,

tion. Apprehensive that my father's conduct would be brought in question by her relations and that such a censure might reflect unfavorably on us, she closely sequestered herself from them and, after languishing awhile in penury and wretchedness, deprived of the use of her limbs, shut herself up in the Westminster workhouse, a charity to which she had amply subscribed for many years.

In that rueful abode, that last refuge of abject poverty, did the most worthy, benevolent and sentimental character spin out the wretched remainder of her life. She, whose refinement was exquisite, whose heart glowed with the most elevated and elegant ideas, whose manners and language ever captivated; submitted, through her unbounded love for us and dread of affecting our welfare, to that humble, painful station, the thought alone of which is misery. Where shall I find words to extol her matchless goodness? to express all my acknowledgement and veneration
— pardon

— pardon me, reader, I cannot dwell longer on a subject so excruciating to my feelings.

C H A P. VII.

A farther account of my brother and self at college—Reflections on a college life—Improprieties of the mode of education—My brother and I quit college—Our arrival in London, unfavorable views and hazardous situation—How we find our grandmother—Remarks on workhouses—Unfortunate circumstances of our uncle and aunt.

ABOVE six years, the remaining term of our residence at college, we were ignorant of our grandmother's fate. We pursued our studies with tolerable satisfaction to the different professors—indeed my brother, whose genius was promising, but who was of a singular temper and rather fond of judging for himself, differed occasionally from his teachers, for which he sometimes received correction not of the most lenient kind. The greatest interruption I met with resulted from the natural weakness of my sight, the incon-

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venience

venience of which defect I have often since experienced in the world—it then frequently retarded my progress and required the utmost assiduity to repair the loss.

A review of past scenes, when they are not too deeply shaded, is recreative to the mind, and of none perhaps more so than those of our youth.

Though I did not, as I have observed, immediately relish a college life, it soon became agreeable—of the numerous situations I have pervaded I do not recollect one that afforded me more perfect and durable content.

Our seminary was a microcosm, wherein the manners, temper and languages of many nations were found—there was a choice of society and an opportunity of forming the most desirable acquaintance. True it is that such intimacies are not always of the most permanent nature ; yet I have known them prove the basis of the
most

most pleasing and friendly after-intercourse.

In the midst of regularity there was variety, a succession of occupations and well-timed relaxation that cheered and invigorated the youthful imagination, that kept off weariness and disgust.

Throughout our studies and recreations emulation was the ruling passion, and he who excelled in each enjoyed a triumph—days of innocence and peace! happy space! free from that corroding solicitude to which I am now a prey.

But I must not be led away by useless reflections: it is the duty of an impartial writer to hold out both sides of the medal—a little observation and experience have enabled me to detect various errors in the plan of education that was adopted at college; amongst which a blind zeal for the classics, and a neglect of the more common and necessary qualifications were the most glaring.

Here I could take notice of religious prejudices—but I have too much respect for every species of divine worship and am too conscious of the general displeasure I should incur to attempt such a survey—nor am I really disposed to treat with censure or ridicule the opinions of others merely because they are contradictory to mine. Religion has divided itself into innumerable branches; they all evidently flow from one source, the adoration of a Supreme Being, and undeniably tend, though in very contrary directions, to the same object, happiness in a future state: more I presume not to ascertain, and he who is at variance with his neighbour, for thinking he has discovered the shortest path, is at variance with the bulk of mankind.

Having completed our course of studies at St. Omer, our father, who from the time of our leaving Paris had not made the least inquiry after us, was apprised of our approaching departure—Whereupon

upon he sent word that he would call at college, on his intended journey to England, and take us with him.

After waiting sometime in fruitless expectation of his appearance, we were advised by Mr. Alban Butler to come over and address our friends in this country—accordingly my brother and I left college in March, 1772, and embarked at Dunkirk in company with Mr. Michael Williams, now wine-merchant in London, with whom and his brother Mr. Henry Williams we were acquainted at St. Omer: both those gentlemen claim my grateful remembrance, from an early communication, for the attention with which they introduced us to their family, and for several generous friendships they have conferred on us in our distresses,

I shall not minutely describe occurrences of the passage--it is sufficient to observe they announced the striking change of scene we were soon to experi-

ence. The master of the vessel flocked us every moment with his horrid imprecations; a more presumptuous, sacrilegious mortal I never heard prophane the sacred name of the Deity—he seemed to glory in his impiety, to have composed a vocabulary for his own use of the most obscene, wicked and truly singular expressions that ever were uttered.

My brother, who was then extremely religious, implored him with trembling accents to desist from such dreadful vociferation; he reminded him that there was only a plank between him and eternity, and candidly owned his fear that one watery grave would be the lot of all on board if he persisted in his wickedness—here a curious dialogue about God and the devil arose in the cabin, which ended, as I have invariably remarked topics of religion to conclude, to the perfect dissatisfaction of all parties.

All this while we drew nearer to our destined port; the lofty dome of St. Paul's at length rose to view and we shortly after landed at the metropolis—and now behold two raw awkward collegians, two very novices! just unyoked from confinement and magisterial authority; let loose upon the wide common of the world, with providence alone for their guide—such was the state of my brother and me on our arrival in London. At first we wandered through the town, without knowing whither to direct our steps: that great city appeared to us a wilderness, for we had no friendly habitation before us—we had no kind, fortunate relation, ready to take us by the hand and welcome our return; we had yet no anxious monitor to guard us against the numberless perils of corruption and iniquity, to which we were immediately going to be exposed.

We looked at each other with tears of purest sympathy, we saw each other's dejection, for every prospect was truly
deplorable

deplorable—all our dependance was a guinea or two—with that modicum, we retired towards the close of the evening to a public house in Little Suffolk Street, Hay Market, the landlord of which, Mr. Ranoe, had formerly we recollected served our family. Even that humble shelter revived us: every mark of pleasure and respect was demonstrated upon our entrance, and afforded us hope that we were not quite so abandoned as we had a little before apprehended.

Mrs. Ranoe informed us with unfeigned concern that our grandmother was still living, but in a manner which affected her to relate.

The next morning we went to the workhouse, and there, amidst a number of helpless, wretched beings, beheld that dear monument of grief extended on a mean, comfortless bed. She lifted up her aged eyes, but could not distinguish us; we spoke, she instantly knew and embraced

braced us with rapture. I can hardly say what sensation was then ascendant in my breast: I was confused, moved beyond expression at the melancholy sight—custom however, that renders every thing familiar, inured us by degrees to the dismal spectacle, and what, at first, seemed intolerable was afterwards endured with calm resignation.

Of all the miserable abodes I have frequented none excite my compassion more than workhouses. Those dreary mansions, raised and supported by the pious and benevolent for the most useful, charitable purposes, are far from being conducted on the original plan—all I have seen were most injudiciously managed: the poor inhabitants of them, to my knowledge, have been oftener subjected to the tyranny and caprice of a ruthless master or mistress than considered by them as the pitiable victims of poverty, age and infirmity, entrusted to their tenderest care.

I could

I could point out other shameful abuses, fraud and imposition—but where's the advantage of exposing vice without being able to correct it?

We were not long in London before we witnessed a fresh ravage of the adverse fortune that has so cruelly persecuted our family. Ever zealously attached to our kindred, we hastened, with that impatience which a considerable absence from those we love must create, to see an uncle and aunt who had shown the utmost fondness for us in our infancy.

They were in easy circumstances when we left England—at this juncture the affectionate old couple were reduced almost to want—he was my grandmother's brother, a man of learning, sound judgment and unfulled integrity: his misfortunes alone would fill a volume—I shall therefore wave their history by observing that,

that, after a series of severe crosses and hardships, their last resource was a work-house, wherein they closed their miseries and lives within a month of each other.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Unexpected meeting with our father—he persists in his neglect—difficulties and dangers to which we were exposed in consequence, with other leading circumstances.

IN a few days after our arrival my brother called upon our cousin, Mr. Forbes, from whom he heard, to his great surprize and satisfaction, that our father was in London. He instantly went to his lodging and saw him—I was not long without sharing the same pleasure—for, indifferent as that parent was to our welfare, we were both most dutifully attached to him.

We now flattered ourselves we had found an asylum, but were deceived—no counsel no directions for our conduct were given; we were left to our extreme inexperience, without the smallest regard being paid by my father to our establishment;

ment: we were not introduced to a single friend, and only now and then received a solitary guinea for subsistence—that even was soon denied us, and then we sank into the most abject poverty can be imagined to befall two friendless orphans, ignorant of the world, penetrated with shame and confusion at their destitute condition. We often spent the day walking through the streets and environs of London without refreshment, and were frequently so exhausted by fatigue and hunger as to go with eagerness, at night, and make a coarse meal with our poor grandmother, whose serenity, good humor and instructive converse were always exemplary lessons and real consolations—she brightened our dullest hours, told us the storm would ere long moderate, that present troubles would enhance the value of the blissful repose, she trusted in heaven, was quickly to ensue.

I shall not enumerate all the difficulties and dangers to which we were exposed in
consequence

consequence of the most unnatural neglect—I really tremble when I contemplate the dreadful precipice on the very brink of which we tottered, and from which we should probably have been plunged into the torrent of vice and infamy, had not the generous principles of virtue and morality, inculcated to us from early childhood, timely gave the alarm and snatched us from impending ruin.

Struck by an awful remembrance of that perilous space of our youth, I look with pity and concern on those who are abandoned to themselves at a similar period of their lives, and thereby lie open to the same hazards: I am taught to condemn with caution the indiscretions and even the crimes of others, knowing that innocence itself may be the source of both; and that man who, without making any humane and charitable allowance, harshly and peremptorily accuses his fellow creature, betrays, in my opinion, a
want

want of feeling, or ignorance of those distinctions on which the just decision of every species of guilt must be hinged.

The abundant instances I could adduce of our consummate simplicity and little discernment, during the first twelvemonth of our intercourse with the world, would form a catalogue—a plausible exterior lulled every suspicion and often attracted our warmest admiration: I recollect an event in which we were peculiarly the dupes of appearances.

On our passage to England we had contracted one of those sudden intimacies which, in common, end speedily or disagreeably—it was with a lady somewhat passed her meridian, furnished with all that false show of piety, goodness and consideration calculated to deceive the unwary.

She soon distinguished us from the rest of the passengers; it is needless to observe she

she could not have selected two fitter objects to exercise her talent upon—never had poet a more inventive fancy : she related a most ingenious story of herself, said she had daughters in the same convent with our sister, and expressed the deepest concern for our interest.

This seemingly benevolent fair pointed out to us her address in London, in the best manner she was able, being, as we afterwards perceived, like ourselves a little unprovided on her arrival—with some difficulty we discovered her residence in Church Street, Soho, and found our supposed benefactress among a number of females, whose elegant dress, easy, flippant discourse and familiar manners were pleasing novelties, and filled us with an idea of their courtesy and good breeding.

Oh these are amiable women! my brother repeatedly exclaimed—delicious, exquisite companions!—no prudery, no diffimulation ;

diffimulation; all condescension and sweetness—in short, we both carried our cullibility and infatuation to an incredible excess: insensible of the strange impropriety of the action, we even introduced the heroine of this adventure to our father, on a pitiable, but counterfeit representation which she gave us of her distresses—and I am conscious our fatuity would have been far more protracted had not a lucky difference destroyed the charm, removed the film from our eyes and cured our blindness.

After having consumed near half a year in this society and lavished therein most of the money we were occasionally supplied with, we happened one fine summer's evening to collect, not for the first time, these all-deserving creatures, as we thought them, to a little repast. Before and after supper the glass circulated freely; love and beauty became the leading topics of conversation—these soon produced envy and malice; the

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latter

latter ill-nature and resentment—by such gradations, which succeeded rather rapidly, was the merriment disturbed. At length a lady, more elevated than her associates, cast her full, blue orbs on the opposite picture of a Madona, beautifully executed, and swore it was her exact resemblance. My brother secure in his innocence, still relying on the fair one's diffidence and the uninterrupted delicacy that had till then prevailed between us—for I call chastity herself to witness that we had not yet put her to the blush, even by one modest embrace—my unguarded brother jocosely observed that he really thought there was a likeness, excepting their noses—there indeed, he added, nature had been infinitely more liberal than the painter.

A CAUTION TO JESTERS!

The words had merely left his lips, when a loud noise, as that of a violent blow too well directed to the unfortunate head of any person, resounded through the chamber

chamber—I gazed with astonishment and surveyed the unsuspecting humorist extended on the floor: a confused group instantly encircled him—some generously pitied his mistake, while others loaded him with foulest invectives for his breach of civility; an universal contest ensued—chairs, tables and glasses were employed in the skirmish—'twas a scene for the pencil of Hogarth. The offended beauty, enthusiastic in her rage, vowed signal revenge—I trembled for the fate of my brother; I pleaded in his favor and involved myself in the same dilemma—a retreat was unavoidable for our safety—we fled precipitately through the readiest passage and were sometime before we were sufficiently composed to look back on the peril we had evaded. Happily however the delusion ceased from that moment: our belief was too much shocked by what we had just seen and heard to be imposed on any farther; we began to perceive our error—inquiry took place and we were assured beyond doubt, to our equal

surprise and mortification, that we had been the two egregious laughing stocks of a house, noted for being the resort of some eminent vôtareffes of the cyprian goddess.

To oversights like these and others of more fatal tendency were we obnoxious—and certainly all who justly consider our destitute condition at that critical juncture, how entirely we were left to our own little judgment and discretion, must feel more compassion than inclination to censure any deviation we might unguardedly have lapsed into. For my own part, I most solemnly attest heaven that the imprudences I committed at that unfortunate era, from the slightest to the most consequential, were pure indiscretions, the result of inconsideration and not of any depraved habit—and I ask those, who know the worst I ever perpetrated, if those sufferings I have already superficially depicted are not ample atonement? Else let them
candidly

candidly turn over the following pages, and I am confident they will find therein full expiation for them and every other folly of my life.

Averse as I am to dwell on a father's misconduct, I cannot pass over his unjust preference to an illegitimate offspring, whose mother was a principal cause of the untimely death of our's. It was a severe aggravation and gave the most sensible poignancy to his indifference.

And now with grateful heart and bended knee I adore that omnipotent, merciful providence who has so repeatedly raised me from the abyss of woe, who has been my shield and defence in the hour of danger.

My life has been variegated by much bad and good fortune—it is not my desire to appear more calamitous than I have been. If on the one hand I have been extremely unsuccessful, on the other I

have been blessed with an uncommon number of the most liberal friends—amongst whom I do not forget the present titular Archbithop of Cashel in Ireland, brother of Mr. Butler of Ballyragget, nor Mr. James Butler of Pall-mall, brother of the late worthy president of St. Omer's College, and father of Mr. Charles Butler who, without flattery, is an ornament to his profession the law. That humane family, upon being acquainted with our necessities, frequently relieved them, gave us the best advice and were very sollicitous to procure us a livelihood. Their house for several months was our chief refuge, and through their interest my brother returned to St. Omer in January 1773 in the intention of continuing his studies and taking orders, having for sometime expressed a vocation to the church; which afterwards proved to be more the effect of weariness and discouragement at his uncomfortable situation than of any secret admonition from above—but in that case he was not singular; many

many have been led into the same error, and some have gone too far to retrieve their mistake.

I remained after his departure in great wretchedness—I often felt sharp hunger, had not a single change of apparel, not even a second shirt: I was often without a pillow to lay my distracted head upon, the street was my lodging in the rudest season; my father was obdurate—shame and want overpowered me, I absconded as it were from mankind and brooded o'er my sorrows in silent anguish.

At length the dark cloud dispelled awhile—I was accidentally apprised that counsellor Cunningham of Gray's Inn wanted a writer—I flew to his apartments, with tears of joy and suspense offered my services, which he accepted more, I believe from commiseration, than conviction of my being very useful to him. Next day I was instated in my office at half a guinea weekly and the well-timed
addition

addition of a plentiful breakfast every morning with my employer, and thought myself ten times happier, without private fee or perquisite, than others in more elevated station.

This keen relish of unexpected blessings is surely reserved for the sons and daughters of adversity, for they alone are truly sensible of the contrast. So elated indeed I was with my new employment, and so moderate was my conception of things, that I imagined myself qualified for any undertaking. At this very crisis a smart, pretty damsel in her thirteenth year presented to my view—I had scarcely completed my eighteenth—my tinder heart immediately caught fire; I burned with raging flame and should, inevitably, have been consumed in that worst of conflagrations, premature wedlock, had not her more experienced parents whom I formally addressed instead of the girl, who was far from being cruel
or

or dreading our species, laughed at my passion and wisely refused me Miss because I had not money to purchase her—thus finished my first amour.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

*Various occurrences—A mournful interview
—My father's death—I leave a second em-
ploy—My brother comes back to England.*

MY stay with the counsellor was trifling; I dispatched the business he had for me and was dismissed—whereupon I fell again into distress. My embarrassments however were not so excessive as before, for I had acquired a little confidence and begun to discern the grand resource of industry: happily I was never prone to idleness and was disposed, at that time, to get into another occupation as soon as possible.

My father's health declined fast—I entreated him to recommend me to some friend; he yielded to my request and, soon after, desired me to call upon Mr. Valltravers, counsellor of the Palatine embassy and agent of affairs for the courts of Manheim, Munich and Florence, who
then

then resided at Somerset-House in the Strand. That amiable gentleman offered to engage Lord Mulgrave, then the Hon. Capt. Phipps, to take me for his clerk, on his proposed expedition towards the north pole, in the success of which enterprise my father was deeply interested as a principal projector and promoter of the design—but I wanted resolution to avail myself of the opportunity—upon which Mr. Valltravers, far from suspecting I was the son of his intimate, for I still retained the name of Brudenell, very considerately agreed to employ me, partly to assist him in his writings, partly to perform more menial services. I have philosophy enough to declare, without blushing, that I did not think an honest condition disgraceful to any man in my deplorable circumstances; nay that I joyfully assented to the proposal and persevered in it near a twelvemonth to the satisfaction of my master and mistress, whose worthiness and gentle behaviour I recal with sincere acknowledgment.

We

We are all linked in the complicated chain of human transactions; our vanity, ever active and predominant, has prompted us to make many improper distinctions—man undoubtedly depends on man: that dependance in numbers extends to servitude—here it is true a diversity arises; but that diversity, I imagine, consists more in degree of emolument than in any vain appellation we may choose to annex to it. I define servitude, in a civilized state, to be a deprivation of our own and a more or less rigid subjection to the will of another, on certain stipulations entered into for mutual convenience—and according to that definition every one whose hours are at the disposal of another is incontestably a servant. But referring these discriminations to nicer judges, I shall only observe that my aversion to penury and sloth surmounted every prejudice, which my natural ambition suggested to me, and induced me to submit to offices, even before my father who was a frequent visiter in the family, that were
very

very opposite to my education and sentiments. In his presence I felt the humiliation, I felt my disappointed expectations, my injured pride—yet from these sensations and a lively remembrance of the severe poverty I had so lately experienced arose the first dawn of my hopes, and a strong resolution of exerting every effort to become independent.

My aged grandmother was still living and expressed a vast propensity to converse with my father, whom she had not seen since his failure—an interview accordingly took place—movingly sad was the meeting—he seemed exceedingly shocked at her appearance; his remorse was evident—he said all he could to hush her just resentment, sorrowfully confessed his errors and assured her, with heart-felt sighs, that it was no longer in his power to repair any part of the ruin he had wantonly spread around him. He pointed to his emaciated limbs, and protested that disappointment and anxiety had worn him to the bone.

He

He spoke with the utmost tenderness of my dear mother, his unfortunate children the subject of his afflictions, left as he said by his imprudence to the wide world and providence, whom he implored in our favor, and lamented with conscious shame the hard fate of my grandmother, the standing memorial of all those misfortunes and in whom he concluded they all fixed their centre.

So mournful and affecting a sight, able to move with grief and compassion the most obdurate heart, could not fail to operate on the generous, forgiving temper of my grandmother: every emotion of displeasure and anger instantly subsided; pity filled her bosom—with mildest complacency she uttered her last farewell to him, and pensively returned to her miserable dwelling.

Soon after I called on my father who drew rapidly near his end—as I entered
the

the room he waved his hand and shook his head and then briefly desired me to withdraw, for he had not long to live—I retired with inexpressible reluctance and never beheld him more.

In a few days Mr. Valltravers acquainted me that my friend Mr. Cramond was dead—sorrow overwhelmed me, I disclosed the secret; he and his lady were struck with surprise—I ran to my father's apartments and heard his body was removed: I hastily followed the corpse, but before I reached his grave the scene was closed.

Thus went off the stage of life a great man though not without his distinguished faults—yet, whatever were the defects of his private character, his superior abilities are not to be forgotten. His public virtues are, no doubt, greatly tarnished by those parts of his conduct I have been under the painful necessity of describing: but, when I humanely consider the amazing
weakness

weakness of our nature, and the numberless seductions to which the wisest and most guarded are liable, I would willingly throw a shade over his follies and trace them back to less detestable sources than cruelty or licentiousness.

I was not suffered to remain in service after the declaration I had made; my indulgent master used his interest to procure me a more agreeable establishment and strenuously recommended me to Mr. Laurens, afterwards president of the American Congress, who offered to take me abroad with him—I declined nevertheless that proffer, having previously determined to employ the small sum I had earned in a journey to France, to see my sister and to solicit the farther protection of our former benefactor, l'Abbé Plowden—and this I acknowledge is not the only excellent occasion I have neglected, because I had made up my mind for some favorite expedition.

As

As I have tried a variety of stations, and as frequent change of condition generally denotes misdemeanor, it cannot I think be improper to adduce now and then such testimonies of my conduct as are in my possession.

The following was delivered to me by Mr. Valltravers on quitting his family.

London, March 19, 1774.

BE it known by these present that their exhibiter, Mr. Hercules Cramond, has behaved during his stay with me, for the space of near a twelvemonth, with fidelity, with good temper and with a sincere desire of making himself useful to me; and that nothing ever came to my knowledge, concerning his conduct and sobriety that could be to his disadvantage; witness my hand and seal—

RODOLPH VALLTRAVERS,

Counsellor of the Palatine Embassy.

At this time my brother fickedened at his religious vocation, ventured back to this wicked world from Doway college, where he had been since the death of Mr. Alban Butler, who bequeathed him a legacy for that purpose, and arrived in London, which all will allow is not the least iniquitous spot of it.

Thus we met in joy and friendship, not altogether such novices as we parted.

C H A P. X.

*I pass over to France—Call at St. Omer—
Visit to my sister at the convent—I travel
on to Paris; interview with the Abbé—
I return to Rouen.*

AS proposed I set out for the continent, not in a splendid vehicle; but an humble passenger in the Dover hoy, at which port I re-embarked for Boulogne and proceeded from thence to St. Omer.

My feelings were pleasurably excited on seeing again the college, the scene of my early, happier years—indeed I was blessed throughout that journey with the most charming sensations; sensibility was constantly afloat.

I was then highly saturated with the most romantic spirit of travelling, I was emerging from extraordinary difficulties, rejoicing in the expectancy of seeing several friends and especially my sister, to

whom I remained tenderly attached after an absence of nine years.

I continued my road, with increasing ardor and satisfaction, to Rouen, went to the English convent there, asked for my sister and beheld her with infinite delight; her joy and surprise were equal.

She was on the point of taking the veil of that strict order the poor Clares, more, I apprehend, in obedience to the will of her protector Abbé Plowden and good Lady Abbess than from a real inclination to a monastic life: in fact, no female perhaps had ever less of the nun in her composition, or would have more bitterly repented her vows—it is not therefore wonderful that the strong influence of my visit on her mind caused her to relinquish ideas she had, till then, entertained and been nurtured in.

The Rev. Messrs. Kennedy and Penketh, directors of the convent, treated
me

me with great hospitality: the former gentleman finding my finances were rather low, recruited them with his usual liberality.

From Rouen I travelled to Paris; the sight of that capital recalled very forcibly to my sorrowful imagination our first arrival there with my dear mother and the fatal catastrophe which put a period to her days in that city.

I called upon Abbé Plowden at the Doctrine Chrétienne, a religious community in which that pious gentleman has for many years secluded himself from the vanities of the world, lived in the utmost regularity and abstemiousness and devoted the greatest part of his time and fortune to the most humane, charitable offices. I met with the most generous, paternal-like reception: he listened to my tale of woe with an attention descriptive of the kindest sympathy: his advice breathed the spirit of the purest christianity, his hoary locks

and placid mien filled me with grateful veneration; he looked a saint. He took me by the hand, said he pitied my misfortunes and would befriend me—that he considered himself as an instrument employed by Providence for our temporal and eternal welfare.

My stay at Paris was short; I returned to Rouen at the instance of my reverend friend, the Abbé, with a view of getting into employment there, and resided sometime at the convent.

The two confessors, above mentioned, live in much harmony, moderation and content in a building adjoining the cloister, which is occasionally frequented by most of the English resident in town, or passing through it—the cheerfulness and good humor of Father Kennedy who, though a man of true piety, has none of that religious austereness about him so irksome to seculars, and the singular
lar

lar mildness and courtesy of Father Penketh are sufficient attractions.

I was often at the grate in devout conversation with the nuns and particularly with Sister Gertrude, the present Abbess, a lady of the most refined sentiments and I verily believe one of the happiest recluse in the world. Her voice was so uncommonly soft and melodious that I absolutely supposed her in the bloom of youth, and even took an opportunity one day to tell her so; when she candidly undeceived me and assured me, as far as I could be persuaded without seeing her, for there were always a thick curtain and spikes between us, that she was near her grand climacteric.

I should do injustice to the good sisters if I said their discourse was uninstruative—they all expressed an attachment to the gloomy retirement they had chosen, and convinced me that humility and resignation bid fair to reward their possessors with peace and enjoyment.

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The profession however of an amiable and beautiful young lady, Miss Blundell of Hints in Lancashire, at which I was present, deeply affected me and made me reflect with concern on the large number of lovely victims sacrificed in that manner, by the wretched bigotry or cruel pride of parents; besides those whose innocence and ignorance of mankind and too passive submission to the idle, superstitious opinions inculcated throughout the course of their education, have led them into the error.

I could offer numerous observations on a conventual life and education, were I not afraid of digressing too far from my main subject, and still more of displeasing some of my readers.

C H A P. XI.

My brother arrives at Rouen—I enter the house of Messrs. Garvey—My sister leaves the convent—An indiscretion I am led into—Reason for my retiring from the house of Messrs. Garvey—Anecdote—I once more visit Paris—An interview.

AFTER a short residence at the convent I was placed, by Abbé Plowden's directions, at a boarding school in town, where I studiously endeavoured to qualify myself for the commercial line.

My brother at that time, having no prospect of an establishment in London and no aversion to a little journey to keep off melancholy, resolved to quit England again and join us—he applied for that purpose to our relation Mr. Forbes, of Aldermanbury, Messrs. Thompson and Peters, Mr. John Thornton, Mr. Atkins, Sir Robert Herries and others, who had been our father's liberal friends in his latter distresses,

distresses, who kindly facilitated the execution of his design. My sister and I were agreeably surpris'd at his unexpected appearance, by which event we all three came together for the first time during a long space. He pursued his journey to Paris and I immediately after entered the house of Messrs. Robert and Anthony Garvey of Rouen, in the capacity of a junior clerk: in that worthy family I remained near a twelvemonth and have every cause to acknowledge, in grateful terms, the usage I met with.

Mrs. Garvey is of the Plowden family, a lady of admirable devotion, humanity and affability; possessing, in few words, the most engaging accomplishments that can adorn her sex.

Amongst the pleasing acquaintances I formed in that ancient city are Mr. Sturgeon and his lady, sister of the late Marquis of Rockingham—it would be intrusive to relate the particulars of that alliance;

alliance ; but I venture to assert they are a truly happy couple, affording a striking proof that inequality of birth and fortune is not always an insurmountable barrier to matrimonial felicity.

The situation of Rouen, though very ill-built, is picturesque ; it lies along the border of the Seine, from which it gradually rises in the form of a spacious amphitheatre, closed behind and on each side by lofty hills : on the opposite side of the river is a fine champaign, and the whole environs are a fruitful country, prettily diversified—its manufactures and commerce are extensive and flourishing : the cotton branch established by Mr. Holker is arriving at considerable perfection—upon the whole, the manners of the inhabitants and excellent society abounding there rendered it as desirable a sojourn to me as most I have seen in France.

My sister, being confirmed in her resolution of not being a nun, left the convent

vent and went to Paris, where she was placed under the friendship and protection of our kind benefactor, Abbé Plowden.

Soon after my brother quitted Paris and set out for Nantz, having obtained an appointment in the customs of Brittany. He called on me in company with Doctor Lynch of Dublin, a gentleman of elegant education and address—the satisfaction I felt in the visit and my reluctance to part led me into a capital indiscretion—I might at once impute the fault to fraternal affection; but I hate dissimulation and ingenuously declare that the tempting idea of an excursion is no less to be accused—I returned with them to Paris without permission, or apprising any one of my intention; indeed the family was from home and my offence aggravated by that circumstance.

Had I prudently resisted the first attacks of that temptation and considered the impropriety of absenting myself from
my

my duty at such a juncture, I should have avoided the seduction, saved my friends much anxiety, myself an excess of consequent shame and regret—but I was young and, though far from being generally inconsiderate, not exempt from the follies of youth.

However I strove to repair my imprudence by redoubled diligence. In the course of business I became acquainted with Mr. M^c.Cartney, a long confined debtor, to whom our house paid by order of one of his relations more feeling than the rest, a slender monthly allowance. That unfortunate gentleman had dissipated an ample fortune among other gay, thoughtless beings and, after suffering numberless inconveniences through his prodigality, was at last imprisoned by some ruthless creditor for a trivial debt.

I had been too long in the school of adversity not to sympathize in his calamity, was too conscious of the preciousness of freedom

freedom not to deplore his loss thereof— I saw him often, yet always with fresh pain; I repeatedly listened to his mournful detail and dropt the tear of compassion over his miseries. Whenever I looked round his dreary residence my spirits were damped, I sighed for the liberty I enjoyed—in short, quite overlooking the cause of his confinement, I did all in my power to soothe it and was truly sorry I could do no more.

I went to the prison when I was at Rouen in November last and heard that, his creditors continuing inexorable, poor Mr. M^c. Cartney had not long before died therein, consumed and broken hearted with unavailing grief and expectation.

The painful remembrance of his misfortune strikes me with a lively sense of the frequent inutility and cruelty of imprisoning persons for small debts, and of the good effects that might result from an insolvent bill in this country

as

as humanely proposed by the Earl of Effingham.

Having candidly mentioned the fault I committed at Messrs. Garvey's, it is but doing myself justice to specify the general tenor of my conduct and the reason of my retiring from that house—both which are set forth in Mr. Robert Garvey's letter to Sir Robert Herries, a copy of which was transmitted to me.

Rouen, Sept. 13, 1775.

Sir Robert Herries, Paris.

SIR,

AT the request of some particular friends, and even relations of Mrs. Garvey, I took into my accompting house Mr. Hercules Cramond, who I understand has the honor of being known to you.

*His behaviour during his stay with me was most agreeable to my family and to myself, —but a poor relation who wanted bread took
place*

place of my sincere affection towards Mr. Cramond, for I had not employment for them both.

This be assured, Sir, is the only reason for his leaving my family, for never was any better beloved in it—for he is willing, sober, polite, full of honor and probity, nor have I ever discovered any vice in him: this I assure you, on the word of a man of honor, that if it lays in your power to be of any service to this young man, you'll never repent befriending him.

I am with due regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ROBERT GARVEY.

Among the singularities of my life my frequent association with the unfortunate is remarkable. After my dismissal from the above employ, which inflicted less pain, as I applauded the preference given to a needy relation and was sensible of the benefit that would accrue to him
from

from my absence, I boarded with Abbé Stuart, a gentleman of superior erudition, who has preserved his memory and judgment wonderfully unimpaired to an advanced age. He is collaterally allied to the great and unhappy family of that name, and was a zealous partizan of Charles, in whose cause he employed his tongue and pen very freely at a time that prince was rather discountenanced by the French court—some malevolent persons, who are never wanting on such occasions, representing the Abbé disadvantageously to that arbitrary government, he was seized by virtue of a lettre de cachet, or private mandate, kept in that monument of despotism the Bastille between two and three years, and afterwards removed to Mont St. Michel, another state prison in Normandy, wherein he was still more closely confined in a loathsome dungeon upwards of seventeen years, without seeing day light, or any mortal except his keeper, who took him

I a scanty

a scanty meal every twenty four hours, but ever observed the strictest silence.

At length, God knows best by what lucky incident, he was released, a few months only before I went to reside with him ; yet without the smallest provision being made for his age and infirmities, having nearly lost the use of his limbs through want of exercise and the perpetual dampness he had lived in. Fortunately he possesses uncommon firmness of mind and true philosophy : his conversation is amusing and instructive ; the account he gives of his situation and feelings throughout his confinement, and especially that part of it at which he had lost all hopes of recovering his liberty, and of the sensations he experienced on first revisiting society, is equally edifying and moving.

Men of genius and fortitude are seldom altogether destitute of resource—
immediately after his enlargement he
opened

opened a house at Rouen for the reception and instruction of youth, from which he derived a tolerable maintenance, until a dishonest, wicked house-keeper and her niece whom he necessarily employed to manage affairs, plundered his effects, involved him considerably in debt, and finally compelled him to abandon that station and exert his ultimate efforts, for a precarious livelihood, at a very indifferent lodging in the same town, in teaching the French and English—in which humble condition I saw him last winter quite cheerful and resigned, though unable to cross his chamber unassisted.

I never knew a character whose signal distresses and magnanimity under them claimed more admiration or compassion; and I should really exult at hearing that the brief history of my friend, which I have exhibited, had reached the eye of some of his more humane, generous countrymen and caused them to extend their relief to him in a foreign land.

I stopped but a little while with Mr. Stuart, being called back to Paris by our ever benevolent Parisian friend, the Abbé, and introduced by him to people of the first distinction, through whose interest I was shortly after sent to join my brother in the customs.

Previous to my departure I went along with my sister to see Mrs. Millery, a lady with whom our father maintained a very familiar intercourse for many years and by whom he had two children—the elder, Roger, was committed in his childhood to the care of Mr. Forbes, who with uncommon goodness has brought him up, had him decently educated and sent him, for his health, to the East Indies, in the Earl of Chesterfield, Capt. Boswell—the girl, who was extremely beautiful, died soon after I saw her.

There was doubtless much impropriety in our visit, for which we were severely reprimanded by Abbé Plowden: I can
hardly

hardly say what motives persuaded us to it—but I well recollect the romantic sentiments I then indulged, and that insignificant ideas were powerful enough to fix me in the most incongruous determinations.

My sensations on that occasion were exactly of the same description and too ridiculous to delineate—indeed the whole of that extravagant condescension, on our part, might have been very well omitted, were I not desirous to show, even at my own expense, to what an exuberance of folly and weakness the youthful, unexperienced mind is liable, and how grossly the kindest sensations and expressions may be misapplied by those novices in life, who are too apt to yield instantly to every impression,

C H A P. XII.

My brother and I quit Nantz—Friendship of Sir Robert Herries—Another farewell to Paris—We solicit Mr. Forbes in behalf of our grandmother—My brother sails for Quebec.

MY journey from Paris to Nantz was in a pleasant season and very agreeable, especially falling down the Loire from Orleans—We had an excellent society of both sexes in the boat and glided through some of the most fertile provinces of France.

The genuine spirit of society, so universal in that country, and so much wanted in this, is remarkably displayed in travelling: the most familiar, facetious communication is speedily established there between passengers of every denomination; and though the nice inquisitiveness of the French is not always acceptable to strangers and particularly
irksome

irkfome to the Englifh, who, as that nation juftly obferves, are clofe friends, but very diftant acquaintances; they make full amends for their queftionary temper by the moft unlimited urbanity and courteous attention—and really I don't fee in what manner that national curiofity, often too feverely cenfured, can affect any traveller who takes the trouble to confider that he is not undergoing the rigid interrogatory of an inquisition, and that the authenticity of his replies is feldom examined into by the inquirer—for the reft, it certainly gives rife to frequent entertaining, enlivening dialogue, and keeps off very effectually that folemn filence fo prevalent in a land renowned for its wifdom.

I found Robert, as I fhall now and then for variety call my brother, in bad health—yet I was more apprehenfive of a mental diforder he laboured under; he was desperately enamoured and heaven knows to what excefs his unruly paffion
might

might have urged him, had he not imprudently retired and left the danger behind him—imprudently! I hear the reader exclaim—yes, my dear friend! and I fear you'll say very imprudently before you read on many lines.

His aversion to the line of life he was engaged in was insuperable and soon followed by an equal antipathy on my side; so that we both determined to abandon an employ so little analogous to our sentiments, in spite of all our interest and advantages therein, which indeed were very eminent.

It is no extenuation of our excessive imprudence in that resignation to say we were honored with the patronage of the Dutchess of Trémouille, the Prince of Rohan, the Duke of Penthièvre, high admiral of France and governor of the province of Brittany, and the Duke of Fitzjames—besides several farmers general, among whom was Monf. Tronchin,
brother

brother of the learned doctor of that name, the noble family De la Gacherie at Nantz, to which we were particularly recommended by the Abbé, and many other personages of note.

With such extraordinary protection we could not have failed to attain quickly the highest preferment, and were already at the eve of being well-appointed—when the demon of inconstancy, under the delusive forms of wounded sensibility in the execution of our duty and patriotic affection, beckoned us from our native coast and lulled us into a contempt of the glorious prospects we resolved to leave behind—there we lost the tide that would have led on to fortune; and truly since that period our best endeavours have been bound in shallows and in miseries. Yes, a want of due perseverance, an insatiate love of novelty and dread of disagreeable circumstances, more or less annexed to the beginning of all conditions and too common to young men, are principally

principally to be impeached in that most injudicious change.

Having obtained the consent of our ever indulgent benefactor, Abbé Plowden, we returned to Paris on foot during the vintage; not through necessity, but to gratify more leisurely the notions we had formed of those rural scenes.

The following is a certificate of our conduct at Nantz given us by Mons. Cotteaux, then director of the farms or customs of Brittany.

JE soussigne directeur des fermes de Bretagne certifie que Messieurs Cramond, Anglais de nation, ne se sont retiré de l'employ que faute d'y pouvoir convenir—et que j'ai toujours reconnu en eux beaucoup de sentimens, de conduite et de probité.—en foy de quoi j'ai signé le présent pour leur servir ce que de raison.

A Nantes, le 14 Sept. 1775.

COTTEAUX.

At

At this juncture Sir Robert Herries, whom I have mentioned as one of my father's beneficent friends, was at Paris—we addressed him—whereupon he very kindly recommended my brother to Mr. Boufie, wine merchant in that metropolis, a worthy, amiable and most intelligent gentleman, and offered to send me to his own house in London: he afterwards engaged to give us both occupation therein and liberally defrayed the expense of our journey. Thus we had another adieu to the Abbé, our sister and Paris and once more arrived in London, still something wiser than when we last left it.

Here I must observe we fell into a fresh error in quitting France contrary to the will and advice of Abbé Plowden; who was then so attached to us that he absolutely solicited our stay with him, and promised to continue to provide for us in the same generous manner he had hitherto. Yet we were not altogether culpable;

culpable; an ambitious wish to convince that admirable character we were not quite unworthy of his friendship, that we had honor and were desirous to advance by our own exertions, especially after relinquishing the excellent situation he had obtained us, strongly influenced us in that separation.

However our want of compliance im-bittered by the scorpion-tongue of envy and malevolence, added to oversights committed by imperfect beings in their progress through life, has, in a great measure, robbed us of an invaluable friend.

Far be it from me to let his present indifference efface any part of my boundless gratitude; it remains I protest inviolate and indelible.

We found our aged grandmother in the same wretched state of existence and now, for the first time, referred her to Mr. Forbes, who so far had very little regarded

regarded us: he granted her a small allowance.

When I consider the numerous and large pecuniary favors we have since received from him, his excessive condescension on various representations of our views and, above all, his humane, friendly attention to me and my family and the generosity with which he has lately promoted my most sanguine designs, his former neglect appears to me a mystery.

But while my heart overflows with sincerest acknowledgment of his goodness, I cannot help regretting that a greater proportion of it was not directed to the singular and shocking distresses of that martyr to her affections, my dear grandmother.

About this time Mr. Sargent, a particular friend of my father, being acquainted

quainted with the distreffes to which our family had been abandoned, sent for my brother and me and gave us an ample testimony of his consideration and generosity.

We remained till August 1776, in the accompting house of Sir Robert Herries and Co. Jefferies Square, during which space I occasionally assisted at the Banking company St. James's Street, where I fortunately became acquainted with Mr. Hammersley of Pall-mall, then of the partnership, whose urbanity and kindness I have more than once experienced.

After the above residence Sir Robert procured my brother a passage to Quebec and furnished him with introductory letters to that city.

He staid sometime at Falmouth in the family of Mr. George Croker Fox,
from

from whose benevolence he might have drawn lasting advantages, had he been then in the valuable possession of a little more knowledge of the world.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

History of my courtship and marriage—My wife and I separate—Other events.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι,
 Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι,
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 Απόφυγοχάνειν φιλοῦντα——

ANACREON.

AT the same time Sir Robert Herries generously proposed to send me out supercargo to Halifax and New York—I shall reveal a circumstance that induced me, though very improperly, to reject that beneficial overture.

In one of the many charming vicinities of London dwelt a family, composed chiefly of a mother, an aunt and three very beautiful daughters, with whom my brother and I had maintained a friendly correspondence for several years. The young ladies were of those prudent females who ingeniously supply the want of fortune

fortune by decent œconomy and a judicious taste : their conversation was refined and sensible, seeming to breathe all those gentle sentiments which must ever captivate the susceptible mind.

I was soon fascinated — Nancy the eldest was exquisitely fair—but the auburn locks and sprightly mien of Dinah won my heart.

For awhile I attempted to keep within the confines of friendship : however, as is generally the case, at an unguarded moment I overleaped the bounds and plunged into one of the most unmanageable amorous passions that ever distracted the youthful breast. At length I grew almost frantic ; rivals were menaced—I implored, insisted, committed every extravagance and, in short, to show the extent of my wisdom on that occasion, hurried into the bonds of wedlock with the reluctant nymph who, candidly speaking, had not flattered me by one tender
K expression

expression throughout the prelude: the partiality of the mother and the idea of possessing a delightful object were with me sufficient incentives—the nuptials were celebrated just before my brother, who assisted at the ceremony, left England.

As a friend I had been certainly respected; the attachment of my dear partner to me as a husband will appear in the course of this chapter.

And now, from a little experience on the subject, let me caution young men against the early attacks of love and premature alliances—they are the bane of youth and commonly end in the disappointment of both parties.

No one has a better opinion of the fair sex than I have; none are more inclined to discover their perfections and tenderly throw a shade over their foibles—yet as women, like many other sublunary enjoyments,

joyments, are very precarious blessings, I call him wise who approaches them with circumspection and bewares of too hastily uniting himself to charms often combined with considerable hazards.

In less than three weeks after marriage the indifference of my beloved spouse was clearly demonstrated—but that indifference did not overcome the sincerity of my affection, nor could I bear the thought of a separation; I therefore declined Sir Robert's offer and, as I became, in consequence, rather a supernumerary in his house, voluntarily quitted it: for notwithstanding my extreme indiscretion that gentleman and his brothers, Mr. Charles and Mr. William Herries, behaved to me with great liberality and confidence.

Abbé Plowden, to whom I ingenuously confessed my error, overlooked it with parental-like forbearance and contributed largely to the establishment I had then in view, viz. teaching French and occasional

K 2 correspondence

correspondence in that tongue; in which plan I was likewise supported by Mr. Forbes, Mr. Peters, now deputy governor of the bank, Mr. Robert Blount of Charing-cross, Mr. Charles Biddulph, related to Mrs. Garvey at Rouen, and others.

I shall not stop to draw a picture of the matrimonial life such as it presented to me in the space of ten months I was subjected to it, nor of the several excesses resulting from my misplaced indulgence; among which was an expensive and very ill-timed trip to Saint Omer and other parts of the continent, the unfavorable effects whereof I felt severely on our return.

After having suffered more than I can express from an ungenerously requited fidelity and attachment, endured all the doubt and tortures of alarmed honor, I was at last relieved from suspense by a downright elopement. My grief at first was unmeasurable; it perhaps never bordered so closely on despair—a little time, however,

however, that sovereign balm for most afflictions, healed the wound: consideration prevailed and indicated the egregious folly of loving or possessing a woman against her will—I abandoned the attempt, took a formal and lawful leave of my wife at an attorney's chambers in the Temple and quietly reconciled myself to the loss.

Thus I relinquished the domestic line, to the sweets of which I was still a stranger and what is far more singular, I can alledge with veracity that Dinah and I did not exchange a disrespectful word throughout our connexion—a circumstance reminding me of an old adage—that “The falling out of lovers is the renewal of love”—for of the few tolerably happy pairs I have seen on my travels three fourths were addicted to immoderate vituperation.

Like mankind at large I sought variety to dispel my care—a new scene opened—

Mr. Carey of Torr-Abbey in Devonshire wanted a preceptor for his children; the proffer was made me: having received some valuable lessons I had no objection to impart them—moreover a journey into that part of England was very acceptable—it was undertaken without hesitation; I gravely commenced tutor—but before half a year elapsed I was so completely tired of the ungrateful office, that I would difficultly have persevered in it six months longer for an annuity.

Nothing of the sort being in view I had less inclination to sojourn in the family; I asked my dismissal and after visiting Plymouth and other spots in that well-cultivated country, I returned to town through Exeter, Bristol and Bath. My admiration was often excited on the road by the magnificent seats of our nobility and gentry, and I was led to conclude from my own observations abroad, history and personal information that no nation affords

affords more striking emblems of rural grandeur and diffusive opulence.

I was not long before I had intelligence of my sister being on her way from Paris to London, in the intention of passing some-time with Mrs. Cramond and me, little apprehending the revolution that had unfortunately taken place in my family. I had not sufficient notice of her design to prevent the execution of it—she arrived and was exceedingly embarrassed to find me; for a sense of my recent folly and its consequence added to poverty, which was once more pressing hard upon me, filled me with confusion and made me conceal myself from my friends.

My joy at seeing her was damped by the indifferent reception I was able to give: but Robina, furnished by nature with a most lively temper and the happiest talent of conversation, submitted to the inconveniences of my humble situation without murmur, and often solaced our dear

dear grandmother and me by her vivacious fancy and persuasive language.

I remained with her as long as the unprosperous state of my affairs permitted; to involve her in my difficulties would not have been acting a brother's part—necessity at length obliged me to accept the place of assistant at a boarding school in Bedfordshire—I endeavoured in vain to attach myself to the employment; I felt something so repugnant to my turn therein that I was miserable till I resigned it and got back to the capital.

I was soon after surprised by the unexpected appearance of Robert at my sister's apartment. He left Quebec with Mrs. Boone, the widow of his late master, who had treated him with much friendship on his first arrival in Canada and entered into articles with him for a certain term, on the expiration of which he promised to take him into partnership: but Mr. Boone suffering afterwards heavy
losses

losses in the wine trade, his principal concern, he became a bankrupt and died broken hearted.

My brother impressed with gratitude for the kindnesses conferred on him in that house and anxious to serve Mrs. Boone and her fatherless children, refused several excellent opportunities of establishing himself in America to come over with her in order to obtain her a credit; in which design he had the satisfaction to succeed beyond expectation.

CHAP. XIV.

I embark for Jamaica—Incidents of the passage and some months after landing—am repeatedly captured and reduced to great distress—I resolve to return to England—Departure of the fleet—We put into Ireland—I reach Bristol.

I Continued to tread patiently in the thorny path of adversity, till seeing every hope of ease and independence in my native country frustrated, I again determined to quit it and try my fortune in the West Indies. Accordingly I procured a letter from my school fellows Messrs. Thomas and Christopher Parkinson, then of Watling Street, to their brother Mr. John Parkinson in Jamaica, who was also my college associate, took leave and proceeded to Portsmouth where I proposed embarking.

In February 1778, I put to sea in the *Mars*, a fine ship belonging to the above gentlemen,

gentlemen, and had a pleasant passage of four weeks to Barbadoes, without any material occurrence, except losing the fleet and convoy in the bay during a fresh breeze as the sailors termed it, but which I set down a violent gale in my journal.

Very new sensations occupied my imagination on viewing that part of the globe, its inhabitants and their manners —for some days I almost thought myself on enchanted ground; I recollected the dreary winter we had left behind and was astonished to see, in the beginning of March, the most blooming, luxuriant vegetation around me.

Barbadoes is the garden of the West Indies, though much exhausted of its past fertility.

It is not above twenty-five miles long and is all over either a beautiful level, or

an easy ascent, uncommon in the Western colonies.

Bridge Town, the capital about lat. 12. N. was a well built, large place, previous to the last shocking hurricane that spread desolation through the windward islands—its environs by nature and art charming, the people friendly.

I was invited to several funerals during my stay there : they are a little peculiar in the West Indies.

When a mortality happens in any genteel family, as the corpse is never kept above eighteen or twenty four hours, to prevent infection from putrefaction that rapidly follows death in those climates, cards are immediately presented not only to relations and friends, but to strangers—every one is welcome ; the doors are open and the sideboard and tables covered with native and foreign refreshments. The company is dispersed

in the hall and piazza; male and female slaves serve the assembly without distinction, who converse indifferently and drink awhile together, without any evident tokens of grief, and then convey the body to the church or burying place, where, after a short ceremony, they separate.

We pursued our course to Jamaica and came to anchor at Montego Bay. I went to the house of Messrs. Parkinson and Hill—the latter gentleman received me graciously, in the absence of his partner, and supplied me with various necessaries.

The following letters to my brother are as just a description as I can offer of the perilous hardships I encountered in less than a twelvemonth after, interspersed with other events and reflections that may interest the reader.

Montego

Montego Bay, Jamaica,

January 8, 1779.

Dear Robert;

I have perused your welcome letter of the 26th of June last—since that period I have gone through several vicissitudes.

About six weeks after my arrival here Messrs. Parkinson and Hill undertook the outfit of a privateer and engaged me to go on board as officer of marines, purser and linguist. I accepted their proposal and waited for her equipment until the 17th of August 1778, at which time she commenced a cruise against the Americans, mounting fourteen four pounders, with 76 men.

We steered a pleasant course along the Cuba shore and through the gulph of Florida, without any important incident, till the 23d of Sept. at one P. M. and in
lat.

lat. 28 N. when we descried a large sail about two leagues to leeward with all her canvas spread, endeavouring to come up with the Wasp.

Our captain, concluding she was either a continental or king's frigate, thought prudently to croud sail and avoid her, which we might easily have effected, being far the superior sailer: but the greater part of the crew, resolute, or rather rash fellows, insisting on not running from her, Capt. Smythe put about and bore right down upon her, prepared for action.

What an awful fight, my dear Robert, for a contemplative man! you'll hardly credit me in saying I beheld the solemn apparatus with a kind of pleasure blended with curiosity—it was a new spectacle to me; you know I am fond of novelty.

At six o'clock the ship was close along side of us and proved the General Moultrie,

Moultrie, Capt: Downham Newton from Charles Town.

Both ensigs were hoisted, every man in his station and our commander just ready to hail, when a heavy squall came on and kept us in a cruel suspense for fifteen minutes, which, in my opinion, were the most disagreeable of the engagement, as they afforded time for reflection—we saw our brig lying by a vessel of at least twice her force, twenty-four nines and proportionably manned—judge the contrast.

The squall being over, we hailed and were answered as an enemy: they had as laconic a reply; whereupon they gave us a full broadside—we returned the fire with equal vigor, an obstinate contest ensued, which lasted six glasses, yard and yard arm, in the dark—when the Wasp, after losing her foremast, bowsprit and being otherwise shattered, with much water in her hold, 12 killed and 25 desperately

perately wounded, add the shocking report of the powder-room being in flames, struck to the General Moultrie.

I had the good fortune to get but slightly wounded: indeed I sincerely wished to be killed sooner than lose a limb.

As prisoners we met with the most generous treatment; the American captain was a man of uncommon feeling and goodness.

A considerable venture given me by Mr. Hill fell into the hands of the enemy, which, with ten shares of prizes, might have improved my fortune had we been successful.

We were carried into Beaufort, South Carolina, and from thence sent up the creek to Charles Town. I only lay one night in prison there; the next morning I got on board a cartel, sailed for Georgia

and from thence to St. Augustine, where I re-embarked for Kingston in Jamaica—in our way thither we passed a fortnight at Providence, one of the Bahama Isles.

Thus, Robert, you perceive I have been spectator and actor in a very strange scene to me—you may perhaps imagine that from the disagreeable effects of it I am entirely disanimated? not so—the sight of dead, mangled bodies, the piercing cries of the wounded, the last faint groans of the expiring and all the calamities of a naval engagement are only momentary pains to a man of spirit, serving rather to stimulate him to future exertions than quench his resolution.

After this long narrative give me leave to note the contents of your letter. I am sorry you are parted from your good friends, Mrs. Boone and her brother, and easily conceive the pangs of separating from those we love or esteem; such a
necessity

necessity is certainly the most unhappy consequence of our limited circumstances: however,

“ Durum, fit leve patientia,
 “ Quicquid corrigere est nefas.”

Your success in conducting the affairs of that lady must be soothing to your feelings—God send you equal prosperity in your own views!

I am far from being displeas'd at your indifference to matrimony—she is undoubtedly deserving; yet, as you remark, there is a certain *gaieté de cœur* resulting from the single state and the pleasing consideration of having only one charge. As I, unluckily, have tryed both conditions, permit me, brother, to dissuade you from all thoughts of that nature until you are more independent: in short, till you can justly say I have more than sufficient for myself—*à l'exception toujours d'une belle fortune.*

I am much obliged to Mr. Christopher Parkinson for his intended friendship and shall follow your kind advice on that subject—but, *entre nous*, I have seen enough of life to depend on myself more than others: not that I doubt Christopher's good will—remember me to him very cordially and return my sincerest thanks.

I apply seriously to business; geography, navigation and commerce are my essential studies; and I may presume, from the additional opportunities I have had of seeing different parts of the West Indies and America, to have acquired a better knowledge of those useful branches, the latter whereof I am now reducing to practice.

Mr. Hill having suffered materially from the capture of the privateer, and having scarcely employment in his accounting house for two relations lately come over, I was determined to burden him no longer and accepted the first occupation

pation that offered; so that I am actually sole clerk to Doctor Brown of Montego Bay—You'll smile at the idea of my station, not knowing the doctor, merchant and planter are sometimes united in this country.

Commerce is quite stagnant here through our unwise difference with America, specie never scarcer and every article unusually extravagant.

Our former extensive trade with the continent was the grand resource of this island in particular, and of the Western British colonies in general.

The Americans were continually importing necessary lumber for building, timber for ships and other valuable commodities: they, in return, took off our hands amazing quantities of rum, sugars, molasses and other produce—a great proportion of all which is, at present, left in the warehouses for want of the late

L 3 consumption;

consumption; and those shipped home, from excessive insurance, freight and duties, leave but small profits to the planter.

The expenses of a sugar estate are enormous. They are managed either under the inspection of a planter, or, in his absence, by an overseer and book-keepers proportioned to their extent and product.

The condition of an overseer is, generally, decent and advantageous; his salary from 100l. to 200l. currency per annum, with several allowances—but the state of a book-keeper, in which one must be two or three years to learn the planting business, is the most slavish in the island.

He is frequently at the nod of an imperious superior throughout that space; up early, goes to bed late, attends the negroes at their daily labor—in the cane pieces, mill, boiling and refining houses

—he

—he is every where their constant companion for the trivial annual stipend of 30*l.* board and lodging—it is a calling merely calculated for a peasant.

To revert to myself—my employment is a temporary expedient, not in the least conducive to any permanent benefit—I speak not from a wish to change; sincerely I have strained every nerve for an establishment in vain: even in Kingston a vacancy in a good accounting house is not to be met with. The wages of clerks here are not extraordinary—a clerk with 140*l.* Jamaica, or 100*l.* sterling cannot live so genteelly nor comfortably as one at home with 50*l.*

Most people have a false notion of the advantages in living abroad—a young man can solely derive emolument therefrom when he has interest and friends to enable him to profit of his experience and insight—otherwise 'tis a folly to banish himself from his vernacular soil; he will
never

never discover another England. Therefore, should I continue unsuccessful, you must not be surpris'd if I return to London, nor impute an absolute necessity to levity and imprudence.

In the interim you may serve me by apprising friends of my situation and intentions—it will be in their power to promote my welfare without injuring themselves. You may intimate that with an assortment, which I shall specify to them, to amount of 500*l.* I could pay all charges, reimburse the advance and probably clear 400*l.* in 8 or 10 months. But my return, for this purpose, is indispensable, as my first course would be directed from London to Madeira.

If you or they think this project a chimera, it is because you are unacquainted with the opportunities I have had of speculating with the most intelligent persons: in short, if you can obtain the above credit between us, you may rely
on

on the validity of my proposal and expect after a few years, that would elapse in agreeable variety, to enjoy with me a blessed independence.

Exert yourself then, brother, for our mutual happiness. Express every thing dutiful and tender for me to my dear grandmother; assure her I am living in the hopes of seeing her shortly—remember me to Robina; whenever you write, and acquaint Abbé Plowden with my proceedings—I always recal him with gratitude: to Mr. Forbes and family my respectful compliments.

You seem desirous to know something of this island and the disposition of the Creolian dames—then attend.

Jamaica is a fine, picturesque country, intersected by lofty mountains covered with wood of the most precious kinds and fruits of the most exquisite nature in perpetual bloom. Numerous rivers, some
pouring

pouring down in cataracts from precipices raised to the clouds, and others gliding along with gentle murmur, water its luxuriant plains, which present to the beholder an uninterrupted verdure and bring to the poetic mind a pleasing idea of the golden age.

You may have, throughout the year, the rich prospect of a cane piece, of orange and lime trees and others of that species, but far more delicious, displaying their luscious produce. The coconuts, water melons, plantains, bananas, an infinity of pine apples and salutary vegetables offer refreshment to the poorest inhabitants.

The sea coast and rivers abound with the most nutritive fish, the land with quantities of wild and tame fowl.

The towns, in general, built of timber in a light, airy manner, form altogether an entertaining, rural appearance. The
people,

people, mostly, are friendly and hospitable, especially on the plantations, each of which, from the number of outworks, dwelling house and negro huts, is collectively a small village.

Kingston is a handsome town, Port Royal a convenient dock yard.

The sex in this country has its peculiar merits: but I must confess, though the ladies here after a short acquaintance are agreeable and amusing, upon the whole they are not comparable to our British fair either in person or manners; being chiefly pale, languid in constitution and very often ignorant and insipid—the accomplished few are those who have been educated in Britain.

As to advantages in matrimony on our side, they are still rarer than at home with respect to fortune as well as virtue in a wife—therefore lay aside all thoughts of such a vain research—our native beauties

beauties are superior to all other. The Creolian ladies are too prodigal with dame nature: beside in alliances with them you entail on yourself such numerous, uselefs kindred that a man who marries in Jamaica should have the possessions of Cræsus to support his ensuing connexions, independent of children.

However I am happy in a circle of the best of both sexes at Montego Bay—Mr. Hamilton, the collector, my intimate friend, was quite a favorite of my father at Paris, of whom he talks every where in the highest terms. He says that when he had the pleasure of knowing him he lived like a prince in the Rue de Richelieu, was frequented and consulted by the English and French nobility, the British ambassador, late Lord Littleton, Lord M^c. Cartney now governor of Grenada &c.

A beautiful young lady, Mr. Hamilton's step daughter, died yesterday; I
am

am quite sorrowful and going to accompany her to the grave this evening.

I have just sketched the following epitaph.

Under this stone are deposited the relicts of Susannah Vanreill, who resigned this life the 11th of January, 1779, in the 16th year of her age—a young lady whose external merit and interior virtues engaged the affection of her own sex and just esteem of the other. Both equally regret the untimely absence of a person who, in the early bloom of life, flattered society with the lasting enjoyment of a most amiable character.

Thou gentie reader! from her sudden fate
Remark how transient is the human state!
Nor youth, nor beauty can secure one hour;
The fairest yield to death's impartial pow'r.
See, in the spring of life, a blooming maid!
Whose opening beauties ev'ry charm display'd;
Whose roseate cheek a healthy lustre wore
And promis'd num'rous years—that fair's no more!

Virtue

Virtue and beauty weep, the graces sigh—
 And friendly streams flow quick from ev'ry eye.
 Yet friends and parents ! moderate your grief,
 And from reflection seek a kind relief—
 That time is short such sad examples prove ;
 With virtue, then, th' uncertain space improve.

Thus did the absent fair adorn her mind,
 And leave a pattern for her sex behind.

Sickness in these parts is very fatal—
 we have only two seasons, commonly
 distinguished by the dry and wet. The
 first is exceeding sultry and would be
 intolerable were it not for the cool sea
 breeze that sets in daily about nine or ten
 A. M., and the land wind at night—
 admire the goodness of providence,
 “ Qui mare, qui terram, qui cœlum
 “ numine complet.”

The wet season is, usually, very incon-
 stant—heavy rains, hardly credible, tem-
 pestuous weather, dreadful thunder and
 lightning, shocking hurricanes and some-
 times earthquakes are its attendants.

“ Hurricanes

“Hurricanes (says a certain author),
“are the most tremendous phenomena—
“they root up the largest trees, over-
“throw the strongest edifices, churches,
“whole towns; you would think them
“the last convulsions of expiring nature.”

The latter part of the year is sickly to the natives, much more to strangers: the worst disorders are often epidemic—Jamaica has been supposed, till lately, to bury the number of its white inhabitants, once in five years.

Yet I have enjoyed the most perfect health; the climate is entirely friendly to my constitution—I believe intemperance here as elsewhere is the grand source of most diseases.

Having thus, my dear Robert, taken some pains to satisfy your inquiries, I conclude with sincerest wishes for your health
and

and happiness ; assuring you that I am still
your most affectionate brother and warmest
friend,

HERCULES CRAMOND.

Montego Bay, Feb. 24, 1779.

Dear brother !

SINCE the 8th of January I have
had no opportunity of transmitting you
the annexed letter—however the fleet is
now ready to sail and I hope you'll receive
this little packet.

If you knew how much I have suffered
within this month you would wonder that
I am able to hold my pen ; I can assure
you it is with difficulty and that nothing
but the pleasure of writing to you could
engage me.

How precarious is every thing in this
world ! In the foregoing sheets you find
I enjoyed the most perfect health : since
then I have been between life and death

—an

—an excessive anxiety at my disappointments and the nature of this climate, which seldom fails to affect strangers sooner or later, threw me into a violent bilious fever which lasted nine days, almost without remission.

Having never felt sickness before, the severity of the disorder, accompanied by a most acute head ache, totally deprived me of rest and partly of my senses—in short, without the best advice and care I must have sunk—both were generously procured me by Mr. John Gayner of Montego Bay, who with a consideration and tenderness that I shall ever admire and acknowledge, for my acquaintance with him had been very slight, took me to his house, whereat he and Mrs. Gayner have indulged me for a month with every mark of sympathy and benevolence.

On the 11th day I surmounted the malignancy of the fever, but continue very languid. Quitting the island would I am

M

sensible

fenfible accelerate my recovery; have exerted myfelf to pafs to New York by this fleet: a deficiency of money has been my obftacle.

The doctor's accompting houfe has proved juft as expected, a temporary employment—the little earned there, defigned to pay my paffage, becomes due to him for medicines; fo that I muft wait here fome time longer much againft my will and without occupation—I now deſpair of finding any, having in vain exhausted every ſcheme for an eſtabliſhment; I muft ſtay with patience till I can get to ſome happier place.

Jamaica, beſides being an unfriendly climate to Europeans, is now a miſerable abode—hundreds of young men, ſome of good families, depending on falſe accounts, have at this hour ſcarcely enough to defend themſelves from want. Moſt of thoſe who have remained a few years on the iſland are deeply involved and cannot

not leave it: thus you find a great part of the inhabitants locked up in their houses to escape the law, which reigns here in its fullest vigor—even the first planters abscond, their wealth is too often imaginary.

My present views are truly discouraging; I was never more justly desirous to shift the scene, for I am really wretched. God send my next letter to you may be dated from New York or the French cape.

Mr. Hill urges me to go on board the Golden Grove, a large privateer he is equipping, but I have not yet decided.

It will be needless to write till you hear from me again, as heaven only knows where I shall be two or three months hence.

You see, dear brother, to what variety of situations I am exposed; yet no good

or bad fortune, no time or absence can make me forget you—be persuaded I shall be through life,

Your affectionate friend,

HERCULES CRAMOND.

In the midst of our bitterest calamities a gleam of consolation commonly breaks through the dark cloud and cheers the mind not prone to foul despondency—philosophy itself has not more assuasive powers than the conversation of a beautiful, sentimental woman. To such an enchanting fair I had the happiness of being known at the unfortunate crisis I have just described, and that happiness seemed to counterbalance the weighty griefs which then oppressed me.

A fortuitous circumstance introduced me a little before I embarked on my first cruise and Mr. Parkinson sailed for England.

He

He was walking along the bay one serene evening with some friends, when a company of females, happening to wander that way, passed them: soon after a glove fell casually from the lovely group—it was dropt by the charming Eliza and taken up by Mr. Parkinson, who sent it to her in three or four days with these inclosed lines——

Eliza shines in ev'ry grace,
'Transcendent beauties there abound
I cry'd, when charm'd I view'd thy face,
And snatch'd this treasure from the ground.
Enraptur'd by those sparkling eyes,
Which none unfeeling can behold,
I gaz'd upon the welcome prize
More pleas'd than if it had been gold.
Nor could I instant it resign;
'Twere rashness to approach too near:
Bless'd in possessing what was thine,
I stood perplex'd 'twixt joy and fear.
But now, fair nymph! receive thy claim,
And with it take the praises due;
Know that each tongue resounds thy name
And ev'ry heart's impress'd with you.

Somehow

Somehow I was suspected as the author—that suspicion brought on an interview; the latter an intercourse which I shall ever pleasurably recal. Eliza excelled in the most exquisite accomplishments of her sex: I could produce striking examples of her refined judgment, and exalted friendship—but, though such an exposition would reflect the highest honor on the lady, I think the effusions of confidence are not to be divulged; with me they shall ever be sacred—the violation of trust reposed in us is certainly among the meanest of vices, and I dread the very shadow of it.

The acquisition of so precious an acquaintance revived my drooping spirits; I seized every opportunity to improve a respectful familiarity. Eliza had been the intimate companion of Miss Vanreill; she was tenderly deploring her loss, I expressed my sincere participation of her sorrow and endeavoured to mitigate it. When business called me away I thus wrote to her on that mournful subject—

Jan.

Jan. 13th, 1779.

Madam !

I am still quite unhappy in the reflection of your having lost a valuable friend in the deceased lady.

If the truest sympathy and condolence can contribute to alleviate your regret, you may be assured that I most sincerely partake of your affliction.

From the just idea which I have of your delicacy and unaffected friendship, I cannot presume to dissuade you from a painful remembrance of your late amiable companion : I may however observe that such fatalities chiefly require the exertion of your uncommon good sense.

Pardon my troublesome concern in whatever affects your health or peace of mind—your constitution is delicate and a
melancholic

melancholic sadness might too easily impair it.

I am with the most perfect respect,

Madam !

Your obedient humble servant.

My affairs continuing in the most unfavorable position ashore, I resolved to expose them again to the winds and waves—accordingly I engaged under the banner of Capt. Watson, a worthy commander, in the Golden Grove privateer, carrying thirty guns and one hundred and forty men.

I was about six weeks aboard in the harbor for the recovery of my health: sailed from Montego Bay on the 4th of April, 1779—stretched over to Cuba and turned up to the Bite of Lewigan off Hispaniola. Some days after we captured an American brig from Port au Prince to
Salem,

Salem, loaded with coffee, sugar and molasses and sent her down to Jamaica.

The Golden Grove in company with her tender, the Dispatch, armed with thirty swivels, two carriage guns and forty men, doubled Cape Tiberoon in order to beat up the south side of Hispaniola.

On the 25th of April at seven A. M. we perceived a large sail to windward; ordered our tender to examine her, which in a short time gave notice of an enemy of much superior force: we went near enough to perceive a two decker under French colors—upon which we bore away to leeward: Next day we discovered the said ship far to windward; spoke the brig Colombine from Kingston, who informed us of the sail in question being the Janus of forty guns.

Seeing several vessels, two thereof very large, lying at anchor in a small bay called
L'Islette

L'Islette Pierre Joseph, on the north side of Cape Tiberoon, and supposing them to be loaded merchantmen we lay to, expecting the Janus would come down and assist us in cutting them out

They no sooner deseried us than two ships, one of which proved La Prudente a forty gun frigate, commodore Vicomte D'Es-car commander, and the active frigate of thirty-two, commanded by Le Chevalier de Fontaine Mervé, with a brig Le Fléau de la Mer of sixteen guns split their cables and gave us full chace—whereupon the Janus hauled her wind and stood to the southward.

The Active soon came up with the Columbine, who prudently struck at the first gun fired to bring her to.

At eleven A. M. La Prudente was nearly along side us; when finding her too swift a sailer and no means of escaping, we shortened sail, gave her six fires from our stern and killed a man
on

on her fore-castle. As yet she returned no fire: on her coming up right abreast, at about a hundred yards distance, we saluted her with a smart broadside, which she instantly exchanged—a close action commenced and lasted near half an hour; after which they ceased firing some minutes and hoisted a signal for the Active and brig to come down: from which there is reason to presume the men had left their quarters. However they renewed the engagement and shattered our masts and rigging exceedingly—at last, after a contest of near two glasses supported by our captain, officers and crew in general with the utmost alacrity and spirit, a shot from La Prudente wedged in between our rudder and stern post, so that all command of the helm was lost. The French commander observing our distress, very unfeelingly increased it by coming directly under our stern with his whole tier pointed to rake us 'fore and aft'. Captain Watson, as considerate as brave, knowing the dreadful slaughter that

that must have followed had we more obstinately resisted, to prevent wanton carnage, ordered, I am confident unwillingly, his colours to be hauled down, the Active and brig being then within musket shot and ready to fire.

The French commodore and his officers, much offended by our resistance, used us with great inhumanity; the men were even permitted to strip off our clothes—while one of the unmerciful spoilers, more witty than the rest, repeated very ironically, from Virgil, *Sic vos non vobis velleram fertis oves*. La Prudente had several killed and wounded; the Golden Grove only three or four wounded.

They carried us into the Islette, from which Captain Watson, Mr. Renwick, our first lieutenant, and I were detached aboard of the Active to Port au Prince—Le Chevalier de Mervé behaved as a man; he and his officers shewed us many civilities.

We

We obtained our parole of the governor, Monsieur de Vincent, and left that city a few days after in a cartel sloop for Jamaica; came to at Anotta Bay, proceeded to St. Ann's and from thence to Montego Bay; there terminating my second unfortunate cruife.

“ *Audentes fortuna juvat et nil desperandum*” being my maxims at that juvenile period, though I had been twice stript, I ventured on a third expedition in the dispatch that had luckily escaped the enemy. Mr. Renwick, a spirited seaman, was appointed our leader, and we once more took our departure from Montego Bay on the 7th of June, 1779, in hopes of retrieving past losses.

But fortune, averse to my wishes, still refused me her smiles—we attempted repeatedly to get to windward on the French coast; a rapid lee current as often prevented us: so that after twice putting back to St. Ann's unsuccessfully, as I
was

was determined to return to England in the first fleet, I resigned the cause and departed for Montego Bay, where I suffered severe hardships during the rest of my stay in the island.

And here I must extol the generous sympathy of my respectable friend Eliza, who frequently offered to obviate my necessities—she was not a stranger to adversity.

To prevent the painfulness of a personal farewell I sent the following letter.

July 16, 1779.

Dear Madam!

LEST I should not have the pleasure of seeing you before departure of the fleet, suffer me to express now the kindest adieu, the sensibility I feel in separating from a person of your merit and happy disposition, formed to please. I am wholly conscious of your worth; it
is

is great and in spite of your diffidence will ever captivate esteem, nay more.

I never so much regretted the loss of an acquaintance and hardly think that my own country, so justly renowned for its fair, will compensate your absence: it cannot produce a more agreeable object.

Accept my ardent wishes for your happiness—may your days flow on in the utmost ease and tranquillity! may no unkind fortune ruffle the serenity of your soul! every felicity attend you!—Excuse the sincerity of my regard: it may perhaps carry me beyond the narrow limits of the unfriendly part of mankind; I have no bounds to my friendship.

Once more adieu! believe me with inviolable esteem,

Dear Madam!

Your most attached friend
and humble servant,
HERCULES CRAMOND.

On

On the 31st the fleet got under sail and after a favorable passage of seven weeks came to anchor at the Cove of Cork. We put into Ireland to evade the combined fleets of France and Spain, then cruising off the entrance of the British channel, as we were apprised by a vessel we spoke about eighty leagues to the west of Cape Clear.

Cork and the adjacent country pleased me; but my distressed condition damped the joy which I should have felt, in easier circumstances, on beholding a land dear to me as the native soil of many of my ancestors.

I returned Captain Swan of the *Thomas* hearty thanks for the disinterested conveyance he had given me in his ship, re-embarked in the Bristol packet, arrived at that city and was overjoyed, after so much bad fortune, in treading again upon English ground.

Countrymen!

Countrymen! whither are ye going?
ye who can live comfortably at home and
yet have a passion for rambling conde-
scend to receive a friendly admonition—
be not too sanguine in your expectations
when you leave Old England and never
expatriate yourselves without the most
certain and beneficial views.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

Following events in London—I go down to Liverpool—Am again captured—Occurrences from that period till my return—What happened soon after.

I Set off from Bristol to London, where I found my dear grandmother still spinning out her days, chained down to a bed of consummate misery and bodily infirmities, but retaining in an astonishing degree her mental faculties. Her deplorable fate filled me with sorrowful reflections on an old age of the most rigid poverty and wretched dependance, and sharpened my sense of those calamities which had prevented me from succouring that venerable object.

Robert was also in a very reduced position, having gone through some variety since our last separation—I discovered him in the humble capacity of assistant at an academy near town. In
the

the course of his transactions for Mrs. Boone he contracted, rather too hastily, an intimacy with Captain Ryves, which ended upon the whole disadvantageously—the captain was a young gentleman of great cordiality and generous to a fault; yet, from his gay, extravagant and inconsiderate turn at that time, a very improper companion for an unestablished man, whose chief resources were industry and sobriety.

But my brother's difficulties had principally resulted from the want of a real friend to take him kindly by the hand and promote his views. He had repeatedly applied to our relation Mr. Forbes and taken much trouble to overcome his past indifference to us and destroy some unpleasant insinuations, arising from the cruel dereliction of our father—upon which the adjoined certificate was produced.

Middlesex,
to wit.

ANN LYON of Queen Street,
Bloomsbury in the county of
Middlesex midwife came before
me Charles Triquet Esquire one
of his majesty's justices of the
peace for the said county of
Middlesex and voluntarily made
oath that in the year of our Lord
one thousand seven hundred and
fifty two Miss Elizabeth Crilly
the daughter of Mr. Peter Crilly
of the city of London gentleman
(by his lawful wife Mary Crilly
who collaterally descended from the
noble family of the Phunkets in
the kingdom of Ireland) between
the age of fourteen and fifteen
was duly and rightfully married
(according to the rites and cere-
monies of the church of Rome) to
Mr. Robert Cramond of the city
of London merchant in the house
of

of her the said Ann Lyon situate in Wardour Street, in the parish of Saint Ann in the liberty of Westminster in the said county of Middlesex by the Reverend Mr. Dooner who then lodged in the dwelling house of the said Ann Lyon and was a clergyman of the church of Rome (to which persuasion the said Elizabeth Crilly and her parents were as this deponent believes most zealously attached) and this deponent saith that the said Elizabeth Crilly had issue after the solemnizing of such marriage three children (viz.) Robert, Hercules, and Robina who are now living as this deponent verily believes and that they were all of them baptized by the said Mr. Dooner and this deponent further saith that this deponent and the Reverend Mr. Mountford (another clergyman of the church of Rome)

OUTLINES OF

were present and did see the said marriage ceremonies performed by the said Mr. Dooner and this deponent saith that she verily believes the said Robert Cramond hath behaved in a very indecent and unnatural manner to his said wife and children and moreover hath basely taken the advantage of the affable and meek spirit of her his said wife and obliged her to assume the name of Brudenell and to keep his marriage private urging for his reasons the imprudence of his declaring his marriage with a young lady who possessed but a small fortune especially as his affairs were then in a critical situation and this deponent further saith that she verily believes that the said Elizabeth Cramond did keep her said marriage a secret to the world until her death and that she did so contrary to the advice of
of

of her this deponent and the said Mr. Dooner and this deponent saith that she verily believes the said Robert Cramond's designs for keeping the said marriage a secret were for some views whereby to screen him from the unwarrantable treatment of his said wife and family.

A N N L Y O N.

*Sworn at my office in Hart
Street Bloomsbury the 17th
day of July 1779 before me
C H A. T R I Q U E T.*

Mr. Forbes was still inexorable, till excessive distress overwhelmed and urged my brother to an act of despair that was nearly fatal to him: he however humanely relented before it was too late, granted the necessary relief and saved him from self-destruction.

I shall

I shall not enter into any particular description of that desperate resolution—far from being advised to extenuate so rash and impious an intention I am defired, by him who once unguardedly indulged it, to expose the ignoble sentiment to public censure as extremely derogatory to the dignity of human nature, disgraceful to the reason¹⁶⁷ of an intellectual being and not to be excused by the utmost excess of wretchedness.

Perhaps no one has at present more opposite ideas: and really when I consider the philosophy if not apathy with which he now meets the worst contingencies, his vivacity and refined understanding, I wonder how such a direful notion ever reigned in his mind.

Just on my return I received a small, unsolicited supply from Mr. Forbes. At the same juncture I renewed an agreeable acquaintance with my worthy college associate Mr. Fisher, who has calmly borne many painful vicissitudes. He is one of those

those rare characters who breathe the pure spirit of friendship ; his sentiments, merit and talents deserve the highest commendation : his poetical abilities are certainly pre-eminent and, when more diffused in the world, will I am persuaded distinguish him as a select favorite of the Apollonian choir.

I communicated my misfortunes to Sir Robert Herries, who generously assisted and offered me employment in his banking house—Mr. Hammersley, to whose polite and friendly behaviour I was already indebted, took a very kind part in my affairs on that occasion. An unlucky event opposed my re-entering Sir Robert's house ; I then sank into great want, from which I was liberally extricated by Messrs. Williams, who have been mentioned in the beginning of my memoirs.

I was afterwards attacked by a certain literary disease, usually called *furor scribendi*, combined with a slight affection
of

of the *ardor loquendi*, which happily passed off without much loss of time.

Not long after Mr. Fisher, Robert and I took a lodging together in a hurry, with very contrary but equally precarious views, and parted almost as rapidly; leaving our good friend Fisher to his fond muse and lucubrations, my brother and I retired to Shoe-Lane, very opportunely, to concert plans for our actual ease and future establishment.

There we determined to go down to Liverpool, imparted our design to Mr. Forbes and obtained from him an introduction to Messrs. Caldwell and Smythe bankers, with farther pecuniary assistance. I undertook the journey—but my brother having a proffer from Mr. Scott, an eminent corn factor in the city, declined accompanying me: I lamented on the road my gloomy prospects in life at that era, after all the hardships and dangers to which I had been exposed.

I waited

I waited on Mr. Caldwell at Liverpool who showed the politest attention to my recommendation; indeed I am under large obligation to that gentleman for his civilities and friendship. He very freely employed his interest to find an eligible opening for me—none presenting, I entered upon my fourth cruise June 13, 1780, in the ship *Vengeance*, a privateer of twenty two guns and well manned. Some time before we put to sea I received a letter from Robert apprising me of the death of my wife: unkind as she had been, I cannot say I read the intelligence unmoved.

About a month after sailing we took a small French packet bound to L'Isle de France and were captured in our turn in a few days, after a smart action with a French frigate and sloop of war off Belleisle and carried into Port L'Orient—we had one killed and fifteen wounded and were indifferently treated by our enemies. We were marched through that part
of

of the country with a considerable number of other prisoners to Dinan in Brittany—from whence I went with the officers and passengers on parole to Becherelle, a little contiguous township. I had never more reason to rejoice in my knowledge of a foreign language, for it enabled me to render the most important services to my fellow captives, to adjust their frequent differences and defend them from imposition and ill usage.

During our detention I heard from Abbé Plowden, who again benevolently relieved me.

An exchange of prisoners taking place we were ordered back to Dinan and sent down the river to St. Malo, where we were put aboard a cartel for England. Four or five leagues from port a terrible anarchy and confusion arose, which were fortunately quelled by the sudden and well-timed appearance of Jupiter off the Isle of Jersey—the ringleaders were removed

moved and we quietly pursued our course, till contrary winds obliged us to put into Waterford harbour: there I was impressed with several on going ashore and met with the most illiberal treatment from Captain Price the regulating officer.

What happiness would accrue to thousands from the abolition of that harsh and cruel mode of manning our navy in time of war, so emblematic of slavery and repugnant to the general liberties of British subjects—many hints have been given, that might I presume be improved, towards adopting a less arbitrary, more humane and effective plan.

I remained ten days aboard the tender and was afterwards dismissed—I felt that exultation on my enlargement those must feel who know the full value of the liberty of which they have been deprived: I addressed heaven in a transport of joy and gratitude and protested that fair freedom is above all other blessings. I travelled

to Waterford with unusual speed; the motive of my expedition is sufficiently obvious—from Waterford I went on to Kilkenny and from thence to the capital.

Dublin and its environs form a rich landscape; one of the most striking I have beheld, especially from the sea. The shortness of my stay and disadvantageous circumstances I then laboured under prevented me from frequenting society in that great city as much as I wished—what I had an opportunity of seeing strongly confirmed my natural partiality to that brave and generous nation.

Were I allowed to decide the general excellence of the Irish ladies from the few I had the happiness to converse with, I should confidently say they are affable, graceful, sensible, highly animated, captivating beings; that they preserve the happiest medium between the severe modesty of our English fair and indelicate familiarity of the French.

Friendship

Friendship forbids me to pass over an occurrence, which I shall ever enumerate among the most fortunate passages of my life, my introduction to the beautiful and elegant Mrs. Bateman, whose person and manners filled me with admiration. I sighed, but was too conscious of my impoverished condition to risk a declaration—that alone prevented me from materially improving so desirable a connexion.

I embarked with much regret and landed at Liverpool, where I took a sad retrospect of my repeated losses and disappointments and was exceedingly dejected to see myself, in spite of my utmost efforts, still totally unsettled.

My circumstances were at a very low ebb when Mr. Forbes, informed of my new calamities, kindly and unasked supplied me.

The greatest revolutions in the affairs of individuals are often the most rapid.

I went

I went for a little relaxation to Mr. Quick's benefit at the theatre in Liverpool, a transaction that may appear trivial to many, but which to me was productive of an incident big with the most serious consequence: a certain person presented herself to my view there who took up my attention more than the performers—a short courtship ensued, which concluded by the most solemn and mutual engagement.

That I was precipitate is undeniable; but while I own my rashness in venturing a second time within the pale of matrimony, circumstanced as I then was and considering the very moderate share of connubial bliss I had enjoyed in my first bonds, from which I was not long completely released, permit me, reader, to render a just and public tribute of sincerest gratitude and affection to an excellent wife and tender mother; to her who has been my faithful, unrepining companion through frequent adversity and sharp afflictions. Of such a friend
I know

I know the high value, of such a friend
I once bitterly deplored the want—if I
desire fortune, my first object in the wish
is to reward her virtues and crown her
perseverance with ease and tranquillity :
it is for her and my dear children I sub-
mit this melancholy volume to a very
uncertain fate—without those attachments,
believe me, I would rather brave every
difficulty and danger, in the most distant
regions, than develop a life so full of
imperfections.

O

CHAPTER

CHAP. XVI.

Death of my grandmother—A journey to London—Fresh embarrassments—My brother arrives at Liverpool and sails for Jamaica—I undertake my fifth cruise—Some circumstances attending and following it.

SOON after my nuptials I received a letter from Robert, explaining his essential proceedings since we parted and particularly his rupture with Messrs. Williams, with whom he had been on the most intimate footing. I shall not expatiate on that difference, nor offer, as I might very properly, strictures on friendship, the general rise, growth and fall thereof amongst young men: it is enough to observe that he had then too little policy to avail himself of their unlimited confidence and too much volatility to attach himself so closely to their affairs as he ought to have done in consideration of their important services—his judgment should

should not have been biaſſed by the allurements that were unwiſely held out to him, nor ſhould he have entered indifcriminateſy into the youthful follies and exceſſes of his friends. For the reſt I ſhall remark, with the facetious Sir Roger de Coverly, that a great deal might be ſaid on both ſides.

I was much affected by my brother's relation of his illneſs, poverty and diſagreeable reſidence; to which was added the death of our long afflicted grandmother, which had taken place ſome months.

Her ſenſes were unclouded in her lateſt moments and yet, what appears to me very ſingular, ſhe reſigned the moſt calamitous, painful exiſtence with undiſguiſed reluctance. Strongly rivetted indeed muſt be the attachment of mortals to this frail life, natural and invincible the dread of death; common to the good and

bad, the young and old, the rich and poor.

I have already given the principal traits of her distinguished character—take her all in all, perhaps few are to be found to whom the beautiful sentiment of an Italian author may be more justly applied—

“ *Natura la fece, e poi ne ruppe la stampa.*”

Nature formed her and destroyed the die.

In consequence of my repeated disappointments Mrs. Cramond retired to her family in the country. I was at length urged to solicit Mr. Forbes, who condescended to increase his pecuniary friendship. Enabled by his benevolence, I resolved on a journey to London, to see my distressed brother and seek a permanent occupation. I passed through Altringham in Cheshire, where I stopped some days with my wife and her kindred : I met with the kindest reception and enjoyed during
my

my stay all those peaceful sensations which rural scenes are apt to inspire.

Alice and I separated at Manchester very doubtful, from the unfavorable state of my views, when we should meet again.

I felt a severe shock on seeing Robert, clad in the sad livery of misfortune, within the dreary walls of an infirmary; his surprise was not inferior in hearing of my marriage—he quitted the hospital and we lodged together under an humble, but friendly roof in King-street, Westminster, where I am committing to paper this part of my narrative.

I called on several friends in London, according to the general acceptation not proper definition of that much abused word—till growing tired of unsuccessful applications, disgusted with town and sensible at the same time of a certain magnetic power attracting me towards the

O 3

country,

country, I set off for the latter with more spirit than I left it.

I remained two or three weeks at Altringham in a most unsettled frame of mind, after which I went back to Liverpool in the intention of going out supercargo, or otherwise trying my fortune again abroad; but I was dissuaded from the pursuit, insomuch I rejected various overtures that were made me on declaration of war against the Dutch.

I then became a domestic man and attempted an establishment at Manchester in the preceptive walk; therein too I failed—probably a little more perseverance might have contributed to my success: a distinction however is to be formed between a laudable perseverance and that species of it which borders upon obstinacy. Our best directed designs are so much the sport of chance and we find it so difficult to level our wishes to their true aim, that it would be unjust to impute

pute those changes to instability which are the unavoidable result of circumstance: nor can he be said to deviate from the road to happiness who leaves the path he has sometime trod, on discovering it to be a wrong one—a man of sense, says the Spanish proverb, often alters his opinion, a fool never.

From this necessity of changing I accepted an invitation, sent me by Mr. Bold, to go aboard the Heart of Oak privateer, Capt. Ash, a humane, courteous gentleman, and returned with Alice to Liverpool, where we waited with patience the issue of things.

My brother very unexpectedly joined us—Mr. Aufrere of Chelsea had liberally assisted and given him a friendly introduction to Mr. Joseph Brookes of Liverpool, which was attended to with all the hospitality and goodness of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, who procured Robert a passage to Jamaica and furnished
him

him with the most respectable recommendations.

I suffered much anxiety in parting from Mrs. Cramond at this juncture; her situation was affecting, the expedition on which I was embarking hazardous.

Having desired Mr. Caldwell to insure for me I went aboard—I don't know a spot abounding with more ludicrous objects for a humorous painter than a privateer in harbour: love, grief, ambition, false courage, brutality, cowardice, lust, consummate drunkenness, the coarsest licentiousness and most daring impiety are so strangely interwove in the scene, that I have frequently, within a very short space, yielded to the impulses of pity, horror, aversion and immoderate laughter.

We left port on the 16th of March, 1781, and steered towards the western isles of Scotland; cruised some months
off

off St. Kilda, Lewis island and other of the Hebrides and Orkneys, watered at North Faro, near which desolate part of the globe we nearly fell in with two home-ward-bound Dutch East-Indiamen in a disabled state—but there again the fickle dame baffled me, for our imaginary prizes passed us in the night. We afterwards put into Stornway for fresh provisions and repairs, re-captured a Liverpool letter of marque and regained that port, after being out above six months without any additional success.

Discouraged by the reiterated frustration of my hopes and the unpleasant foresight of a large sum to pay for insurance, it is not surprising that I had a solemn farewell to privateering.

I was congratulated on my landing with the news of my brother having come home the preceding day in the Kitty, the vessel in which he had sailed last from England, and of her having taken on her
 passage

passage a French West-Indiaman of considerable value. He might have enjoyed eminent advantages in Jamaica from his fine commercial talents; but the climate proved so destructive to his health that he was reduced to the alternative of a speedy retreat, to preserve a life he was not disposed to sacrifice to his interest.

On the wings of affection and fond expectancy I was carried to Altringham; how tender were my sensations on entering the village! the expected intelligence was imparted to me by one of the family before I reached the house—I saw my wife and child, my dear Robert! who has since been our little companion through much adversity, and passed a fortnight with them replete with new feelings.

At my return to Liverpool I heard my brother was gone to Marseilles with the French merchants who were in the prize. Overtures of a very lucrative kind were made me by Mr. John Parkinson, who
discovered

discovered the strongest propensity to serve me. Reanimated by the flattering prospect and the advances offered me while I waited the execution of his project, I hastened to announce the glad tidings to my family which I took back with me.

Sometime elapsed in suspense, the misery of which I shall not attempt to describe, till Mr. Parkinson tediously protracting the business designed for me, I dreaded the defeat of all my late sanguine views. Hurt by his delay I began to suspect the sincerity of his professions; my mind was keenly irritated by accumulative crosses, I expressed dissatisfaction rather prematurely. We should never be hasty in determining the intentions of those with whom we are concerned, either from our own observation or the opinions of others; should be slow and guarded in displaying our resentment, even when fully conscious of having received an injury:

jury: by neglecting these important cautions I disobliged a very agreeable friend.

An apparent reconciliation however followed, he still promised me his interest. I made a second trial in the literary walk with little effect, and therefore resolved to quit Liverpool and set out for London—painful were my considerations throughout that journey, excited not by ideal difficulties, but by a real and just concern for the welfare of my charge.

Mr. Parkinson was in town—I represented to him my distresses and requested a small assistance: he sent me a sum smaller than requested accompanied by a most humiliating letter, the contents of which I shall not divulge; my respect for him is yet too sincere to be utterly destroyed by a misunderstanding that arose with me and in which I was perhaps, on the whole, the most reprehensible.

I was much dispirited by his untimely coolness and fell into great adversity,
which

which soon reduced me to the absolute necessity of seeking a place for Alice as wet-nurse. I wrote on that subject to the late Doctor Hunter; he kindly called and proffered Mrs. Cramond a respectable engagement which, from an accident we had not sufficiently guarded against, she was compelled to decline.

At length I obtained a slender maintenance at an academy; upon that we all contrived to exist awhile in an obscure lodging, where we occasionally beheld instances of sharper misery than our own—contrary to the general notion I derived little consolation from the comparison: I disclaim that maxim as erroneous or impracticable, which directs us to forget our own calamities in the more poignant afflictions of others; philosophy does not teach us to be insensible of misfortunes, but to bear them with patience.

In the midst of these perplexities my brother suddenly appeared, after finishing
a very

a very unprofitable tour to Marfeilles and Conftantinople—he had been deluded thither by brilliant promifes, moft of which proved counterfeit. One of the moft pleafurable incidents of his journey, and which repaid more than all the reft his expenfes and fatigues, was a familiar intercourfe, accidentally formed at Marfeilles, with Baronde Golen of Augfbourg, a gentleman of the moft amiable temper and extenfive knowledge of the world.

After fome deliberations Robert and I concluded to go down again to Liverpool and employ our united efforts there in eftablifhing a claffical and commercial fchool—we communicated our plan to Mr. Forbes, asked his fupport and received a generous fupply, conferred, as we thought, with more warmth and regard for our intereft than we had ever before experienced from him.

We travelled in excellent fpirits, through Manchester and Altringham, to Liverpool,

pool, where we published the following proposals.

PRIVATE TUITION.

MESSRS. Robert and Hercules Cramond, who have received a regular classical and university education, take this method to inform the public they propose teaching, at home or abroad, the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and belles lettres in general, on a more compendious plan than has been hitherto adopted: in which they mean to divest those pleasing, useful and ornamental studies of perplexing, unnecessary difficulties, which so often disgust and deter well-disposed youth from attempting the pursuit of them: and they pledge themselves that, by following their system, they will be able to perfect those intrusted to their care, in any of the above branches, in a third part of the time usually lavished therein, through a misapplication of it by teachers, who, from an injudicious partiality to erroneous, obsolete modes and forms of schools, almost grown sacred by age and prejudice,

prejudice, too frequently protract the advancement of their pupils.

As Messrs. Cramond have had the advantage of uniting the commercial to the classical, they are happy to have it in their power to share their attention with those whose views in life, in this trading town, oblige them to confine themselves within the sphere of a plain English education, and more immediately require an accurate knowledge of their native tongue, geography, book-keeping and mercantile correspondence. The public may be assured they will equally endeavour to explode technical superfluities in this line of instruction, and that, by a due attention to the desire of parents and the different capacities and destinations of their children, they will spare no pains to accelerate their improvement in the qualifications respectively requisite for the university or accompting house.

Personal application, or a line left for them at Mrs. Oliver's, No. 8, Williamson's Street,

Street, or at Mr. Egerton Smith's, Pool Lane, will be respectfully attended to.

N. B. Messrs. Cramond think proper to represent to ladies or gentlemen who wish to learn French that, from their long residence in Paris, they speak and write that elegant language with the same ease and propriety as their own.

They farther beg leave to observe, as they wish to rest their reputation on the rapid proficiency of their scholars, that they will undertake to complete them in any of the above accomplishments within a stipulated time, according to their genius and leisure.

A short trial shewed us the almost invincible prejudices those have to combat who attempt any innovation; we began to perceive our error in having engaged in a capital design, without sufficient funds to carry on the business.

Mr. Forbes indulged us with a farther advance; but our necessary disbursements were too large, our immediate emoluments too inconsiderable to prolong a scheme that, apparently, would have led on to an honorable establishment, put a period to our wanderings and placed my brother, me and my family above the difficulties we have since endured and have still to encounter, had we been blessed at once with the possession of two, or three hundred pounds to prosecute it with vigor.

A deficiency of that small capital overturned our happiest views—the partnership was dissolved, Mrs. Cramond went into the country and I set off for Bristol: I can hardly say what my intentions were; partly, I believe, to divert my anxiety, partly in quest of a settlement which I had sought ineffectually in so many other places. Vain was my research; I once more felt want and should perhaps have languished therein a long
time,

time, had not a fellow-lodger, of admirable merit and philanthropy, spontaneously obviated my necessities.

He was one of those brethren termed quakers, whose general principles and manners bear close inspection, and are worthy the imitation of many who illiberally pronounce the name with derision.

CHAP. XVII.

Displaying a variety of incidents, in some of which the author is peculiarly interested.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.

VIRG.

DESPAIRING of the attainment of my wishes at Bristol, I left it in the depth of winter—exposed to all the rigor of the weather and almost exhausted by fruitless toils, I was quite at a loss how to direct my succeeding endeavours. A transition to Altringham, a removal from thence to Liverpool and from the latter to the former place were performed in a great hurry, and verified to my sorrow the old adage—after which I went along with Alice to Manchester and used every honest art to get into some employment, which would enable me to procure her that care and indulgence requisite for an approaching occasion.

From

From the total inefficacy of my exertions my family was obnoxious to severe inconveniences for several months, that would have been greatly enhanced had not two most beneficent characters, the late Mr. Thomas Tipping, senior, and Mr. George Walker of Manchester, to whose house I was recommended, frequently assisted me.

Amidst these troubles my son Hercules was born. Seeing no likelihood of success where I was, I determined to make an ultimate trial at Liverpool, and accordingly returned thither towards the end of Mrs. Cramond's confinement— notwithstanding my inquietude, I was a good deal entertained by a very unlooked for novelty, Mr. Fisher and my brother offering their equally passionate vows to two pretty and agreeable sisters: to depict a part only of the profusion of tenderness I witnessed and of the pathetic conversations I heard, in the course of a week I remained with them, a volume

would be necessary—they would compose a pretty supplement to the loves of Petrarch and Laura.

I was called back to Manchester, Mr. Thomas Tipping, junior, having kindly interested himself in my affairs and found me an occupation with his relations Messrs. Whitaker of Longwood House, near Huddersfield in Yorkshire. I cheerfully obeyed the summons and was treated with much hospitality by Messrs. Whitaker, who promised to take me into their house in three or four weeks; allowing me that time to settle my domestic concerns.

During the interval I was applied to in Manchester to adjust accounts relative to a capital failure there, in which business I fortunately gave satisfaction and was largely remunerated.

I received a letter from Mr. Fisher apprising me of a dangerous influenza that

that had seized Robert, which he apprehended to be only curable by one desperate remedy—I dreaded the consequence of his disorder and was anxious for the safety of my friend Fisher, lest it should be contagious: my fears were relieved in part by a second epistle, which informed me that my brother's disease, the first symptoms of which have been described in a preceding section of this chapter, had quite degenerated, and that he had prodigiously recovered his senses within a few days.

Soon after I commenced my employ at Longwood House and had every encouragement—but the natural weakness of my sight, increased by study and fatigues, shortly convinced me that, in spite of other advantages, I was incapable to go through the constant writing of an accounting house with any degree of ease and correctness. I was therefore unhappily necessitated to relinquish advantageous terms and the enviable view of a permanence

manence with persons of respectable merit—the friendly and generous manner in which they dismissed me served rather to augment than lessen my sincere regret in that resignation.

The kind, sympathetic reader, who has observed the numerous and often trying vicissitudes I have pervaded, must I think feel for me and my family in this last reverse; a change that none can candidly impute to inconstancy, but which was the unavoidable result of a natural imperfection.

In such distressful predicaments our utmost fortitude, insulated talents, and indefatigable industry are called forth—I strove to collect my scattered resolution; I looked at my wife and children and saw what would be their fate if I gave way to affliction—that consideration prevailed and roused me from extreme dejection and its ever dangerous attendants, languor and inactivity.

From

From the irremediable infirmity of my eyes any farther attempt as a clerk would have been uselefs and nugatory—all thought of the commercial line was dropt—*I* seriously reflected on every other condition *I* had tried, every opportunity and experience that had come within my reach, and at last firmly resolved, as the surest method of rising above my obscurity and wants, to direct all my future efforts to the station that appeared most analogous to my education and sentiments.

I weighed each calling; with unfeigned respect for religion, *I* cannot say divinity preponderated: whatever prospect of preferment *I* might have in the church, *I* had no idea of immolating its true interest to private convenience—the charge of souls is a most important task, yet *I* fear too frequently engaged in without due vocation: as *I* wanted that primary qualification, *I* scorned to disguise myself under false colors.

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To law, as a profession, I was more partial and had even made some progress in the study—but I perceived such an immensity of matter to wade through before I could accurately distinguish right from wrong, justice and sound reasoning from fraud and chicanery, that I really apprehended my retentive faculty was inadequate to all the distinctions, subtleties, evasions, quotations, explanations and declamations a lawyer should be master of.

Phyfic: came next under my inspection; I maturely examined its utility and extent and was sensible that, like the other two, it has often been perverted from its original design: I was well aware of the intricacy and copiousness of the science, the accumulative expense and unwearied assiduity necessary in the pursuit thereof, add the difficulty or precariousness of acquiring reputation as a medical practitioner, even with superior knowledge—yet I found myself so strongly prepossessed

prepossessed in favor of this most useful philosophical contemplation of the human system, complicate it is true, but exhibiting, on close survey, the most wonderful symmetry in all its parts; I felt myself, in few words, so zealously attached to physic, that in defiance of abundant obstacles, which would have intimidated many, I concluded to go to Edinburgh, with my family, and earnestly prosecute the study in that justly celebrated university—I say prosecute the study, because I do not date my first application to it from that era: for though I have hitherto intentionally avoided any parade on that subject and been at no pains to display the various opportunities of improvement, in different climates, which have fallen to my share, it is now proper to remove unfavorable surmises, touching my professional character, that may have risen in the minds of my readers, from my having so far appeared in almost every department except the medical. The truth is that long before the abovementioned

tioned period I had dedicated, at home and abroad, a principal portion of my leisure hours to medical researches; had attended professors of every branch in London and Paris and conversed with men of scientific and practical eminence. More explication would favour of ostentation—whereas, I merely wish to give reasonable satisfaction; to shew how far I was conscious of the magnitude and importance of the profession I finally and invariably determined to adopt; from the earlier adoption of which I was deterred by hard necessity, not inclination—and, above all, to demonstrate my respect for a title, to which I did not aspire without the most ardent, exemplary endeavours; without having consumed days and nights and impaired my constitution in the most studious investigations—without, in short, doing all in my power to deserve it.

We began our journey to Edinburgh under very discouraging auspices—scarceness of money, which I consider not as a disgrace,

disgrace, but among the worst misfortunes, forced us to submit to the humble and truly uncomfortable conveyance of a waggon to York. Frequent were our alarms on the road and sometimes not groundless; especially in one instance, where one of the hindmost wheels broke on the edge of a declivity and the unwieldy machine was near being hurled to the bottom with Alice, two infants and me.

Poverty-struck mortals! ye who, like myself, are constrained to wander upon the cold common of the world, rather be content to travel gently forward on the post horses of Saint Francis, than expose your lives and limbs in such perilous vehicles.

We stopped a month at York and received valuable proofs of benevolence from Mr. George Walker, Mr. Edward Place, Messrs. Lawrence and James Gardner of Manchester, and Messrs. Whitaker
of

of Longwood House. Fortune seemed for the moment tired of persecuting me and even smiled on my wishes : but I was too well acquainted with her unbounded caprice to be lulled into security.

After a long absence I saw Mr. Saltmarsh of York, with whom I had the pleasure of passing several years at college—he likewise generously contributed to facilitate my undertaking.

By such indulgent beneficences we got to Edinburgh, where I called immediately upon my relations and beheld my aged aunt, Mrs. Forbes, whom I had never seen before, paying the grand debt of nature ; she died the day after our arrival.

Edinburgh and its suburbs are singularly situated ; the old town is, in general, built on a number of irregular eminences, very remarkable to a stranger : the new town is well designed and exhibits some
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piles of elegant architecture—but even there I must say the “*utile dulci*” has been somewhat overlooked ; for in many of the most modern edifices certain conveniences have been omitted, that would have added much, if not to the ornament, at least to the sweetness and cleanliness, perhaps salubrity of the place—and really I cannot conceive on what principle they were neglected, unless from that most inveterate of all prejudices, partiality to ancient customs.

My opinion of the inhabitants and indeed of the Scotch at large, as taken purely from my own observation and experience, is as follows—that most of the disagreeable peculiarities annexed to them by late writers are false ; that they possess, on a proportional computation, as much sincerity, affability, goodness, philanthropy, generosity, and liberality of sentiment as any people : their bravery was never called in question—their industry and steadiness are conspicuous every where ;

where ; their love of learning does them honor—in no country is literature more universal, in few so generally cultivated.

Genius and talents abound in their universities, which have produced men of the most exalted science. In natural philosophy and the several departments of physic Edinburgh seems, at present, to claim precedence—in the one Mr. Robison is a most distinguished professor ; in the other Doctors Cullen, Monro and Black command the highest admiration and respect : three professors of such extensive, singular merit reflect the brightest lustre on the British nation, and are, I dare to aver, unequalled in any seminary of Europe.

These are my genuine sentiments, uttered from irresistible conviction, for, believe me, I am

“ Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

In fact the whole plan of medical education there is most judiciously conducted; the diligence and zeal of all the professors are extraordinary—which, combined with other eminent advantages, especially the clinical lectures given on particular cases selected from the Royal Infirmary, which, by the bye, is one of the best managed hospitals I have seen, and numerous excellent medical societies for the improvement of students, indisputably render Edinburgh the first and most flourishing school of physic extant.

Natural history, that most auxiliary appendage to the study of medicine, is taught by the Rev. Dr. Walker, a professor of diffusive erudition, eminently qualified to fill the chair in which he presides.

I shall not minutely describe my position, or rather variety of position in that city; in the midst of the most intense application I had my difficulties and griefs—the death of my youngest son was an occurrence very sensibly felt by an affectionate mother and me, and will not, I am

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persuaded

persuaded, be deemed unworthy of commemoration by any fond parent. Upon the whole, however, I was munificently supported by Mr. Forbes: through the unlimited condescension of that kindest relation I was enabled to persevere in my studies, to seize every opportunity of advancement therein, and to lay the foundation of a profession, to which I am infinitely attached, in which I shall ever most strenuously exert myself to be useful.

Among the societies I frequented in Edinburgh was one of free and public debate, the Pantheon, of which I became a member.

The advantages of such institutions were set forth by me, from the chair, in the following manner——

Ladies and gentlemen!

AS I have never before had the honor of presiding in this respectable chair, I cannot help apologizing for the arduous, important task which I have assumed. I have ever considered societies of this nature,

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ture, when liberally and judiciously conducted, as I believe every one present will allow the Pantheon to have been, not only as most excellent institutions for the instruction and improvement of youth; not only as institutions admirably calculated to detect and explode that Proteus vice, in spite of all its modifications and disguises, and establish genuine virtue, morality and religion on the most solid, permanent base—but I have, moreover, considered societies of public debate, while they promote, in general, the entertainment of both sexes, as peculiarly useful to young men on their outset in life; by encouraging them to stand forth and assert their sentiments with that modest, yet manly firmness, which is of the utmost consequence to youth in their indispensable commerce with the world. Whatever the too timid and diffident may suppose a modest, decent assurance, as observed by the late Lord Chesterfield, that perfect connoisseur of mankind, is a most requisite and valuable qualification. How many men of competent abilities and real

merit are kept back in life and vegetate in obscurity by an untimely bashfulness, or *mauvaise honte*, bad shame, as the French very properly term it; while the bold and confident, whose talents are perhaps much inferior, attain their most sanguine wishes and rise to the very acme of honor and preferment. Far be it from me, however, to recommend that overbearing self-sufficiency which starts up, sometimes, in the most liberal societies; nor do I wish to see judgment sacrificed, indiscriminately, on every trivial occasion. Wit is a weapon to be used with caution; for, in attempting to wound others, it has been known to recoil on the leveller with redoubled force. In argument we should endeavour “to shine but not scorch.” On such a plan, ladies and gentlemen, I presume you’ll agree with me that public debate may be rendered of extensive utility: and I do not hesitate to declare that the many ingenious topics discussed here interest every department, and well deserve the attention of the lawyer, politician, and divine. Yet, while I encourage

encourage youth to shake off an useless, unbecoming diffidence and express themselves with proper boldness, I wish them to be well aware of the usefulness of taciturnity, the dangerous tendency of too communicative a temper; and strenuously guard them against vanity as the most prevalent cause of that ever disadvantageous, and sometimes fatal weakness of the mind. But I beg pardon for intruding so long on your time with my observations—conscious of my insufficiency to acquit myself with all that propriety and ability, which are and ought to be expected from this chair, I should rather solicit your indulgence graciously to accept my best efforts to please—and proceed to lay before you the question of the evening, which runs thus; “Is disparity of age or fortune the greater cause of unhappiness in the married state?”

Various and often unforeseen are the interruptions of connubial bliss—disparity of age and fortune are, undoubtedly,

amongst the principal obstacles—which is the most inimical to matrimonial felicity is not my province to determine: nor is it, perhaps, so very easy a point to adjust as some may at first imagine. It seems to me, however, that age must be a loser in deciding the question—I already begin to feel for its infirmities, and cannot help pitying its weakness and excessive folly in so repeatedly uniting, or rather, indeed, attempting to unite itself, for the union can never effectually take place, to youth, to an object as opposite in its nature as day is to night, or as blooming, luxuriant spring is to hoary, frozen winter.

Yet much may be advanced on the unhappy effects resulting from a disparity of fortune—we all know how essential an ingredient money is in the composition of domestic tranquillity: a want of it on either side is, therefore, ever more or less productive of bad consequences. Upon the whole, I think the present question offers ample and agreeable subject of debate

bate—and I flatter myself a query of such general importance will be entered upon immediately, prosecuted with vigor and determined with accuracy.

To the above observations I desire leave to add my last speech, in that society, on the following interesting question—
Is British patriotism increased, or diminished by travelling into foreign parts?—
delivered from my feelings and share of experimental knowledge on the subject.

Mr. President!

TO prevent that solemn pause which sometimes takes place here, to prevent the smallest interval of silence when so noble, important and interesting a subject is offered to our discussion, I now rise in this debate and, believe me, I stand before you and this respectable society with all the sentiments of the truest Briton, a son of liberty. Proud of the glorious, invaluable titles and fully conscious of
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my birth-right freedom, I look triumphantly around me and contrast, with equality and astonishment, the numerous and eminent advantages of our free, happy, nay almost divine constitution to the abject slavery, tyranny and oppression under which so many of the surrounding nations groan and languish. And here let me exclaim with justest enthusiasm

Thrice happy Britons! blest! of all mankind
Most blest! yet to your happiness most blind.

I presume none present will think me unjust in thus impeaching my countrymen with a certain insensibility of their fortunate, very fortunate lot, when considered in a political point of view: for I apprehend it is too evident to all the world that no nation under the canopy of heaven enjoys more enviable privileges, more un sullied rights; that no nation has more judiciously and accurately defined the extent of prerogative and secured the sacred persons and property of individuals than Britain—and at the same time, I believe

It is as universally acknowledged by all our neighbours and by those more distantly acquainted with us by that grand inroad to society, commerce—I say it is as universally acknowledged by them that no nation is more unreasonably, more unphilosophically apt to repine at their laws, to call aloud for redress when there is least occasion and to abuse, grossly, wantonly abuse that precious liberty in their full possession, which they should not only cherish and protect, but employ with moderation. Yet in spite of this little perverseness of temper, this political grumbling, perhaps the inevitable consequence of an excess of liberty, I am confident that a wiser, more humane, benevolent and magnanimous people than Britons do not exist upon the face of the globe—and in this appellation permit me to observe that I do not merely confine myself to the subjects of this more than comparatively happy island, but certainly include our worthy, brave and hospitable fellow subjects, the inhabitants of Ireland: and let

me say that that man who wishes or attempts to sever the interest, affection and mutual support of the two islands is no patriot—he is a stranger or enemy to the dearest connexion of his country—and may he whom maintains such dangerous principles never hold a seat in our church or senate!

But, Sir, lest you should accuse me of extending my partiality to an unbounded length, and conclude that I argue more like a prejudiced man, who hastily adopts and echoes the ill-formed, often ridiculous opinions of the croud, than like a liberal-minded citizen of the world, or one who has looked a little beyond the narrow confines of his own home, I am induced to inform you that I speak not from native prejudice, of which however, by the bye, I think a little necessary for the good of a state, but from conviction, from some experience and from having been principally educated in a country, where freedom and the rights of the sub-
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ject are, in my idea of things, a good deal oppressed. I am persuaded that you and all present will agree with me that I must be attached by birth to Great Britain and Ireland; and that my attachment to England, Scotland and Ireland must be pretty equal, when I explain something of my origin—know then that I, who have the honor of speaking in this society, am rather an heterogeneous creature, and that the little edifice you see before you was constructed on the composite order: that insignificant, or at best of small consequence as I appear on the large scale of human beings, I can assert without vanity that no less than all the three branches of this considerable empire contributed their quota towards my existence—in short, that I am a capital member of the state: for my father had the honor of being born in the city of Edinburgh, my mother in the city of Dublin, and, if I was not wrong informed, I made my first appearance on the grand theatre of life in the capital of England—ergo I am a capital member—
and

and am truly and incontestably a Briton—yes, sir, a Briton! and that too by more than birth, by sentiment—indeed I might almost say that I had a kind of intuitive love for my country, which even education itself in a foreign climate and nine years *sejour* in France could not eradicate, nor any how diminish—may I not consider this as an invincible proof that British patriotism is not lessened by travelling into foreign parts? Since all the force, all the prejudices of education, which must necessarily more, infinitely more influence the youthful mind than the various objects which present themselves to the traveller can operate upon his generally more improved, maturer judgment, not only were ineffective in destroying or in the least impairing my attachment, my affection to Britain, but seemed, on the reverse, rather to promote, to invigorate my patriotism, when I afterwards had an opportunity of seeing, of travelling through my native country, of becoming a little acquainted with its excellent laws and with the genius
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of its people, so renowned for their ingenuity, bravery and humanity amongst all other nations.

In short, when I began to contrast what I had seen abroad, viz. more or less of slavery, depopulated provinces, neglected agriculture, inactivity, idleness, cruelty and cowardice, twin ruffians, as Sterne finely expresses them, hired and set on by malice in the dark——whole legions of friars and monks, those lazy, useless, often pernicious drones of the unwise states that encourage them; cloisters, in fine, upon cloisters of young, beautiful and unfortunate nuns, immured for life within the dreary, ruthless walls of a convent, not in many instances, believe me, by choice, by spontaneous solicitations; but more frequently by the most compulsory methods, the pious craft, devices, persuasions and threats of eternal damnation rung incessantly in the tender ears of those innocent, helpless victims by good Mother Abbess and her antiquated sisters

—or by the horrid avarice or detestable pride of parents—such, for example, as your poor nobility in France, Spain, Italy &c. who valuing their family consequence more than the happiness of their children, and who not having fortune sufficient to entitle their daughters to an honorable, elevated match, sacrifice their happiness for ever and bury the poor, pretty creatures alive in those religious dungeons sooner than suffer them to contaminate, as they say, their blood, which no doubt is totally different in its nature and composition from that which circulates through other less noble mortals, and to disgrace forsooth their origin by an alliance with a rich commoner or wealthy merchant. But, above all, when I bring to my astonished view that monument of the grossest superstition, of religious madness and the most consummate inhumanity, an inquisition—I say when I contrast all these objects to the general and extensive freedom, to the magnitude of our commerce, populousness of our cities,
towns

towns and villages, the engaging, enlivening verdure of our fertile and well cultivated plains, to the industry, generosity and humanity of my countrymen, blessed with the enjoyment of every civil and religious liberty—the scale at once heavily preponderates in their favor; I feel my patriotism increased with my admiration, and cannot help considering Britain as the happy spot, selected from the rest of this wide universe, for the greatest progress of all the arts and sciences, the highest improvement of agriculture, the growth of liberty and the seat of the most diffusively generous, exalted philanthropy.

Nor is my wonder, my attachment singular, when the most learned, intelligent and speculative philosophers, who have visited this island, have owned its superior excellence, and quitted it with regret. I shall only mention the celebrated Helvetius, that studious observer of mankind, who shone so long in France a meteor of knowledge, of taste, of judgment, and of
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those kind, benevolent feelings which so much dignify the human species. That great man, informed of the striking political advantages of this country, the character and manners of the people, came over to Britain, resided sometime here and visited several parts of this kingdom. With your leave I'll attempt to explain, in our language, some of his judicious observations.

“ I remarked, says he, in the English, a general name observe applied by foreigners to the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, “ I remarked, says he, “ an extreme love for their children”—an admirable eulogium in my humble opinion—he goes on thus: “ What is “ called in France the spirit of society, a “ passion for fellowship, is almost unknown to them; but they highly enjoy “ the sweets, the placid tranquillity of “ domestic life. In Paris the spirit, or “ love of society aggregates those who are “ in want of frivolous amusements. The “ spirit

“ spirit of society brings the English to-
 “ gether to engage in and consult the
 “ interests of the state and the prosperity
 “ of their country. They seek not idle
 “ dissipation because they have more
 “ solid, rational enjoyments. In England
 “ that insignificant laugh is seldom visible,
 “ which is oftener the indication of folly
 “ than descriptive of happiness. But ease
 “ and a diligent use of time are seen
 “ there; you behold in them a wise, busy
 “ and happy people”—in few more words,
 Mr. Helvetius concludes, “ I shed tears
 “ in leaving a country where I had not
 “ seen humanity debased and distressed.”

Thus, Sir, you perceive that I do not
 mean to build my arguments on mere
 theory; that I have endeavoured to raise
 them on a more solid basis, to reason from
 facts—and from these is there not ground
 to presume that an intelligent, accurately
 discerning British traveller, and one espe-
 cially who has given himself the trouble of
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looking into the history of his country and who, not content with merely perusing that history, has experimentally verified many of the facts comprised therein by his travels at home, previous to his undertaking a continental or any other tour—is there not cause to presume that such a traveller, at least, will readily discover the notorious defects, the too manifest disadvantages of almost every other government he may pass through? and that pleasurably recalling at the same time, though perhaps far distant from his vernacular soil, the glorious privileges and immunities he has left behind him, he will heave a sigh and exclaim thrice happy Britons!

I easily conceive that a Chinese, a Turk, a Spaniard, a Prussian or Frenchman would not augment their patriotism by travelling through Britain—I rather think a small degree of observation would excite in them a proportional disgust

guft and horror of the fhocking defpotifm and oppreffion they are more or lefs fubjected to under their refpective fovereigns. But I am firmly of opinion that every ftep a Briton takes in foreign parts, provided he has moderate penetration and judgment, muft increafe his patriotifm.

I have only conclufively to obferve, returning to myfelf, and you are fenfible that from our own feelings we can beft determine the fentiments of others, to obferve that I have travelled a little—and that the greateft emolument I have derived from my limited travels, from numerous fatigues, difappointments and loffes which I have fufained in fatisfying a paffion for roving, is an ample conviction of the unequalled perfections of my own country and increafed patriotifm—yes, I am fully convinced that

Britain is the happy Ifle,
 Where the faireft beauties finile;
 Where genuine liberty is found,
 Where generous mortals moft abound.

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My

My affairs calling me to London, I left Mrs. Cramond and embarked at Leith. Just previous to my departure, a most opportune relief was remitted me by George Peters, Esq. deputy governor of the bank, in that urbane, gentleman-like manner for which he is distinguished—a French writer very justly remarks that “all who have fortune can give; but all who have it in their power to bestow are not masters of the art: it is a secret reserved for noble minds, who consider to whom, when and how they ought to give.”

Upon my arrival in London I found Robert unemployed and indigent—he had sometime resigned the occupation of tutor in Mr. Maxwell's family, of Dulwich Grove, to our friend Mr. Fisher, and designed going out to India—but his views being wholly frustrated, he was exceedingly disanimated and fell into a sort of apathy, or philosophical indifference that I cannot applaud.

I sincerely

I sincerely regretted the time he had suffered, unguardedly, to elapse without deriving emolument from its preciousness and irrevocable nature; I addressed myself with tender concern to his expiring ambition, resolution and mouldering talents, and strove to reanimate them.

I had several interviews with Mr. Forbes, who listened, with the most friendly attention, to my proposals and, with excessive liberality, promoted the farther accomplishment of my earnest wishes—whereupon I went back to Edinburgh.

I did not remain long in Scotland after my return; the short stay I made was full of embarrassing considerations, in the midst of which I set out again for London, with Alice and little Robert for my fellow travellers. We reached Berwick upon Tweed and were detained there, Mrs. Cramond finding herself unable to continue the journey by land. I can assure my

my female readers the case was puzzling—to embark at a very critical juncture, or submit to a considerable delay, that would have been highly prejudicial to our interest, was the alternative—trusting I confess a good deal to providence, we went aboard and had an unusually quick passage to the river, landed and took the speediest conveyance to London, where Alice was safely delivered of a fine girl forty eight hours after our arrival, and where I began my efforts to attain an establishment in the medical profession.

To specify all the industry, care and attention employed for that purpose would be tedious, if not vain; I persisted almost to my last shilling—till seeing my utmost exertions productive of no advantageous or flattering prospects, I despaired of obtaining that decent subsistence which my anxious wishes promised me and the peculiarity of my situation so forcibly required Mr. Forbes once more, with the concern and zeal of a true friend, endeavoured

to support my tottering condition—but, alas! I too clearly saw the prodigious obstacles I had to encounter: new perplexities daily opened to my view, the task was too arduous; I felt keenest disappointment and dreaded approaching misery and desolation—the scene was so discouraging that I resolved to abandon it, to retire to some distant part of the globe and never revisit my native shore till I acquired independence.

I recommended my wife and children to my brother, conjured him to represent their deplorable state to Mr. Forbes and departed for the continent.

Truly humiliating is the picture of the human mind in distress; dismal were my impressions on the way to Brighthelmstone—the sight of the sea filled me with a lively recollection of my past sufferings on the ocean. I crossed to Dieppe, strove to raise my drooping spirits and bear the severity of my lot. I went on to Rouen
and

and passed some soothing days with my friends in that city : from Rouen I proceeded to Paris, where I renewed several other pleasing friendships.

C H A P. XVIII.

*I return to England—Following events—
My present situation and views—Con-
clusion.*

I Shall not enter into any irrelative description of Paris; it is already sufficiently known to the English—considered as an university it is pre-eminent: superior opportunities of improvement are gratuitously held forth there in every department of science—a liberality worthy of the imitation of this and other countries.

Robert communicated to me the humane and generous conduct of Mr. Forbes to my family, the departure of Alice and the children for Manchester, and inclosed a very seasonable assistance from that beneficent gentleman.

The subsequent letter to Mr. Forbes will, I presume, give satisfactory reasons
for

for my return to London, demonstrate a just attachment to my family, and a laudable desire to exonerate an invaluable friend.

John Forbes Esq. Aldermanbury.

S I R;

TO behave with strict honor and candor in all my proceedings is a maxim from which I am determined never to deviate—actuated by this principle I now address you : for however advantageous it may be to myself and family to conceal from you my actual situation, I scorn the very idea of secreting myself from any one ; and rather choose to trust to your friendship and consideration than put it in your power to say I have deceived you.

To be short—my brother having fully explained to you my urgent reasons for quitting England, my wife and children, I shall not intrude on your time by farther explanation on that subject : it is sufficient

ficient to observe that my grateful mind is deeply impressed with a sense of your excessive goodness and extraordinary condescension on that interesting occasion; that I shall never forget your liberal benevolence to me and mine, but seize every opportunity to express my acknowledgement.

You'll, no doubt, be a little surpris'd to hear I am again in this country at a juncture you perhaps suppose me to be advanced on my passage to some foreign part—such, Sir, were my unfeigned views at the time my brother sollicit'd your protection for poor Mrs. Cramond and my helpless infants; such was my fixed design till within a few weeks past—when finding my best efforts on the continent, to obtain a decent engagement for the East, the West Indies, or America, entirely baffled, many friends dead, and my former interest in Paris and several other parts of France almost annihilated, I resolv'd, after much reflection, to lose no
more

more time in fruitless applications there, to return to England—and, if nothing else can be done, to seize the first conveyance I can procure from this port to any British settlement: and that I presume can be effected with greater ease in London—indeed I clearly saw the advantages which in this respect I was leaving behind me; but the state of my affairs urged my departure.

The above is a plain narrative of my late conduct and present intentions—previous however to putting the latter in execution, I think it necessary, for my peace of mind and fully to convince you that it is far from my wish to abuse your generosity and indulgence, to acquaint you that my extreme desire of being settled peaceably in my family, in preference to every uncertain and hazardous pursuit, would be an ample motive of my doing all in my power to effect a little establishment in the country, where, divested of ambition and
grand

grand expectations, that have so often been my bane, I would wait with patience the issue of things—provided, after all you have already so liberally bestowed, you could possibly spare me a mere sufficiency to make such an humble attempt.

I offer no formal promises to drop all future intimations of this kind, should you, which I hardly expect, acquiesce in this proposal—because I flatter myself, troublesome as I have hitherto been, that you suppose me a man of some delicacy and consideration, who can set bounds to his importunities.

I request the favor of a reply, which I shall consider as your ultimatum and mine—and, if I must once more unwillingly expatriate myself, allow me to submit to your kind attention an essential object, the support of my wife and children which you have so generously undertaken, till I can place myself in some station abroad, adequate to their maintenance.

Permit

Permit me to observe that, actuated as I certainly am by honor and gratitude, that earnestly as I should strive, for your ease and my own credit, to take them off your hands, it is no easy point to define when that devoutly-wished for period may arrive—life itself is very precarious, especially in foreign climates, perhaps in the midst of perilous enterprises; and the best human efforts are often quite unsuccessful, or their reward tediously protracted: in few more words, poor Mrs. Cramond and the children might, hereafter, become greater objects of your friendship and protection than they even are at present.

These are my serious reflections—that they may preponderate is my sincere desire! and that you and yours may be secure from corroding care is the no less heart-felt wish of

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, grateful,

And devoted humble servant,

HERCULES CRAMOND.

London, April 8, 1785.

The above proposal was approved—I accordingly went down to Manchester, after receiving a kind proof of the politeness and friendship of Mr. Anthony Wright, banker, and renewed my endeavours for an establishment—but a little farther experience convinced me that the same causes which obstructed my success in London were an equal barrier to my progress at Manchester: in short, I soon found that I wanted the necessary substratum; that my pecuniary faculties were too limited to empower me to move, with any suitable degree of ease or dignity, in the sphere of my profession.

These painful considerations urged me to engage in the present work.

Unwilling vainly to attempt to stem the tide of adversity, which began to swell too high, I no longer braved the storm—as I could not immediately reach the wished for haven, like a prudent pilot, I altered my course and returned to London, as
the

the best place to accomplish an undertaking, which I am at this moment finishing under the dominion of the deepest sorrow.

To swell as it were the page of my misfortunes, I have been for several weeks exposed to the severest conflicts, in the hourly apprehension of hearing of my son's death, from his having been terribly burnt—a lamentable accident which has almost distracted his infirm mother—my heart fails me as I am going to add, in winding up this history, that my last intelligence from the country, instead of imparting any solace to my anguish, announces the sudden loss of Louisa, my dear and only daughter.

Longùm formosã vale !

I have now, gentle reader, exhibited a faint picture of my life to this period—in the contemplation of which I am well aware you have discovered many imperfections. Should any parts thereof appear

pear too deeply shaded with error and indiscretion, throw the veil of indulgence over my youthful frailties, or trace them back with candor to their real origin. Let not pernicious prejudice warp your fair mind—revolve the trying situations in which I have been placed, the almost insuperable obstacles I have had to conquer; and I trust the mournful retrospect will challenge your feelings and plead in my favor. Circumstanced as I have altogether been, much has been done already: though I have occasionally erred in my pursuits, I have, at least, the conscious satisfaction of having never suffered unmanly indolence, that rust of the mind, to damp my ardor or impede my advancement.

The succeeding scenes I am reserved for time will unfold—yet I fondly hope the serene sun of prosperity will shine upon my later hours, and render them the fine evening of a cloudy day.

THE END.





Cleaned & Oiled

DECEMBER 1986

